

Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times,
Being some
REFLECTIONS
ON THE
WARRERE,
THE
PESTILENCE,
AND THE
BURNING of LONDON.
Considered in the Calamity, Cause, Cure.

By Joh. Tabor, M. A.

Non placentia, sed utilitas.

Amos 4. 10. I have sent among you the Pestilence after the manner of Egypt, your young men have I slain with the Sword, &c.

I have overthrowne some of you as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and ye were as a fire-brand; luckt out of the burning, yet have ye not returned to me saith the Lord, &c.

And Psal. 141. 5. Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness, and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent Oyl which shall not break my head, for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamity.

London, Printed for Anne Sell, 1667.

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TESTAMENT

[illegible]

Considered in the Calicut Court.

By J. P. Taylor, Notary Public.

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The first of these is the fact that the
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London: Printed for J. B. Nichols, 1857.

To the Right Worshipful

Sir *GERVASE ELWES*

Knight and Baronet,

One of His Majesties Deputy
Leutenants in the County of Suffolk, and
Justice of the Peace and Quorum for
the Counties of Essex and Suffolk.

Right Worshipful I

THE knowledge of your Piety and Virtue;
Candour and Benignitie, emboldens me to
address these Reflections on our Calamities;
with their Cause, and Cure, to the world, under the
shadow of your Name; and favour; presuming
that with the regularly devout; and truly pious,
such as you are, they may find favour; though per-
haps not pleasing the nicer Wits of this curious
Age, who will mind more the strain of Poetry
than Piety, and like Children throw away the
kernel to play with the shell: and since they so
freely and impartially tax the Vices of all, yet
only the humble, and pious will endure to bear of
their

The Epistle Dedicatory.

their faults, and there are few such in these A-
theistical dayes, possibly distasting many licentious
and erroneous persons, which yet discourages me not
from endeavouring to amend our sad Times, the com-
plaints of all mouths, by reforming our evil Manners,
the care of few.

Now (Noble Sir) you sheltered my person under
your roof, and favour in the late Times of Tyranny
and Confusion; and when I entered into the Ministry
by the Dore, with an Episcopal Ordination on my
head, in a time, and place that would for that Cause
only render me slighted and rejected of the most, you
therefore contracted the beams of your Countenance
more auspiciously upon me; nor shunned to impart to
me your pious and loyal thoughts of heart for our then
persecuted Church, and distressed Sovereign. Con-
fidence you were pleased to put in me, which hath in-
separably oblig'd my soul to you in the greatest sincer-
ity and dearneſs of honour and affection; so that if
I may be so free with you, I can sincerely profess, no
Gentleman in the world possesses a greater love and
esteem in my heart than your self.

I saw your exuberance of joy, and extasie of spirit
when you received the happy tidings of the then Par-
liaments Vote for his Majesties Restauration, as there-
in foreseeing the return of Glory and Prosperity to our
Land: and by this, though absent from you, I can ea-
sily guess at the greatness of your sorrow for your Na-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

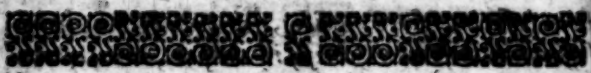
ious sufferings: But, you have been no small sufferer in this war, and in the fire, in reference to your own Concernments and your Relations: and therefore I conceive it each of the nature and design that it may not be unacceptable to you.

And since I have had thoughts of making my Reflections on these things publick, thinking to contribute something to the return of our prosperity, by turning if it may be, some from their inquiry, I have been glad hereby to catch the opportunity, to testify to the world my due resentments of your manifold undeserved kindnesses; a grateful acknowledgements being the only requital I am able to make for all your accumulated favours, a poor requital indeed, when thus by paying my old score I run but farther into your debt, begging your acceptance from him who remains

Your very much obliged

Servant

John Tabor



TO THE
Pious Unprejudiced READER,
giving an account of the ensuing Poem.

Christian Reader,

THE dismal Dispensations of Divine Providence towards us, in that series of sad Judgments lately inflicted on us, viz. the destroying War, devouring Pestilence, and desolating Fire in *London*, having swallowed up my Soul in a deep sense of our hainous sins as the true cause of our heavy sufferings, I remained some time in a confused plunge of spirit hereby, all other business and employs superseded, till at last recollecting my disordered thoughts, I brought them to a certain composure, and to render them more profitable to my self, and to allay the sharpness of sorrow with the pleasure of some phancy, I framed them in metre.

I began with the War, therein considering not the History as to the management of men, but the calamity as to the judgment of God: I went on with the Pestilence guided in my Contemplation by the course of that, considering the rise, increase, progress,

To the Reader.

gress, and deplorable effects thereof, as they happened, but having no thoughts all this time of publishing what I wrote, concluding with my self in regard these Reflections would not be finished but with the Sickness, they would be then less seasonable, acceptable and profitable to the Publick, the sense of Judgments too frequently wearing off with the suffering, and scarce any thing concerning them than making impression on most hearts.

But then the startling and astonishing news of the Cities Conflagration, hurried my Muse to a new wrack of tormenting griefs, rending me as many others for a time capable of nothing but to stand in the way for News, wherein for some days together we still met with *Jab's* messengers, with sad tidings of increasing misery: till at length occurring the joyful report of the miraculous extinguishing of the Flames, and unexpected Preservation of the unconsumed part of the City and Suburbs, my mind became more sedate and quiet, and my Muse set her self to reflect on this woe as the former, not without some thoughts of Publication, imagining this had revived mens sense of Gods just displeasure, and might render them capable of remorse for their sins, procuring these dire effects of it in such a dreadful succession of woes: then purposing to discover all our sins as cause of our sufferings, and knowing that by the Law is the knowledge of sin, I run over the

To the Reader.

Law of God in my thoughts, and observed how sins of all sorts against every Commandment, and others more directly against the Gospel abound among us, so that our sins being found so great, and numerous, we may not wonder our sufferings have been so many and calamitous: And whatever God in his merciful Providence may seem to be doing for the removal of his Judgments, and restoring of Health, and Peace, and Prosperity to us, and we may flatter our selves with hopes of seeing good days again; yet otherwise than on the foundation of our Repentance and better Obedience, can we build no assurance of settled Prosperity for the future; for should it now clear up, yet another cloud may soon rise, if we still provoke the God of Heaven.

And therefore I proceed to add an Hortatory part, perswading to Repentance and Obedience to Gods Laws, as the most certain cure of our Calamities, and sure way to have better times, which, (if (as we hope) our woes are in a manner past, yet) may be of good use to us all for the securing us in a flourishing condition for time to come, the Prosperity of any People usually ebbing and flowing with their Piety and Virtue.

And so at last, I add a Consolatory Part as a Cordial for to cheer the penitent and humble, introducing there, the Historical Relation of our War omitted in the First Part.

To the Reader.

The three first Parts I have composed in a familiar kind of compleat Verse, as being for the most part Reprehensive, and Hortatory, therein condescending to the meanest capacities, as meant for the use and benefit of all: In the last, where the Subject is more Heroick, suitably I use quatrains closing the sense with a compleat, and rise to a little higher, though not aiming (if I could attain it) at a lofty strain: I seek where to make my Verse serve my Subject, and not subject my nobler matter to my Metre.

Now candid Reader, I hope the sincerity and integrity of my Design in this Work may obtain an Apology for any defects in the management: and the Divinity excuse the want of Phantasie: I do more than suspect I shall fall under the censure of seduced Sectaries, though piously affected, because I tax their Errors; of Vicious persons, though loyal and conformable, because I tax their vices; of Hypocrites, especially such as mask traiterous and factious designs with pious pretences to seduce the People, because I lay them open to the world, *fariorum nudatos coloribus*, and tax their villanies, however palliated, as contributing to our Calamities: But my Prayer to God is, that he would open all their eyes and turn their hearts, the first to follow after Truth, the second Holiness, and the third sort the Truth of Holiness, then I am sure we should be a flourishing Church and Nation.


To the Reader.

If thou blame me (Reader) for any where tripping up old sores, I will assure thee I do not otherwise than for fear that false Prophets have healed the hurt of the Daughter of our People slightly, to let out the corruption the right way by Repentance, lest they fester and break inwardly and kill their souls. If thou complain of rough handling, know it is done with a Chirurgeons heart, to heal and not wound: and if my Patient cry out of me in searching his sore as an Enemy, I am well assured if he would suffer the cure, he would acknowledge me in the end to be his friend: and when in searching thy sore I touch thee to the quick, lay thine hand on thine own heart confessing thy corruption and sin, rather than stretch out that, or move thy tongue to smite me who only mean thy health, and welfare.

Read on, and the sweetness of Consolation at last will allay the tartness of Reprehension before: nauseate therefore nothing herein, since all will do thee good, if thou with candor receive and digest it. Accept then kindly what is intended sincerely for Gods, thy Souls, and this Nations glory from him who is

Thine in the Lord Jesus,

John Tabor.



To the Reader.

REader suspend thy Censure, till thou run
The whole Book over, and when that is done:
The Author's meaning rightly understood;
That his Design, if not his Verse, is good,
I doubts not thou wilt say; and when you see:
He layes our Woes on our Impietie:
Think not one Sin, or Party he alone
Doth here accuse, but all and every one:
Assure thy self the Author doth designe,
That Times may mend, to mend his heart, and thine.

Seasonable

Curteous Reader,

Before thou peruse this Book, I intreat thee, for
thine own sake, to turn to and correct or supply
with thy Pen, these mistakes and omissions of the
Printer, and let not his Errors be imputed to the
Author, who fears some will judge he hath enough
herein to answer for of his own, but desires thou
wilt courteously mend the Printers, and candidly
forgive his

Errata.


In the Epistle to the Reader page 4. line 2.
& 7. for *compleat* r. *complet*, l. 9. before *where*
add *every*. in the Poem p. 17. l. 10. for *Chelm-*
ford r. *Chelmsford*, p. 21. l. 17. for *then* r. *thence*,
p. 25. l. 2 before *stuffe* add *their*, pag. 30. that
which is under an *asterism* in the *margent* re-
fers to the *asterism* upon *Lud* in the next
page; and the *asterism* in the *margent* p. 31. an-
swers to this on *Brute*, p. 30. p. 32. l. 25. for
land r. *land*, p. 33. for *lately* r. *late*, p. 36. l. 21.
before *mere* blot out *are*, p. 37. l. 11. before
him blot out *of*, & l. 14. for *sweetest* r. *sweetest*,
p. 38. l. 7. for *so* r. *too*, p. 44. l. 12. for *first* r.
first's, p. 50. l. 8. for *religicus* r. *religions*, p. 56.
l. 7. before *glory* add *bliss* and, p. 62. l. 19. for
convey r. *conveys*, pag. 63. l. 2. before *please*
blot out *doth*. p. 66. l. 28. for *fottishness* r. *fool-*
ishness, p. 80. in marginal note for *conmirion*
r. *country* as, p. 81. l. 16. for *own* r. *one*;

Seasonable Thoughts

IN

SAD TIMES

Reflections on the War.

 Here e're I go, the fighting Air rebounds
 Sad Ecchoes to my heart, and doleful sounds
 Of Lamentation: still the Plague and War,
 In ev'ry place, the talk of all mouths are.
 The Funeral Knells continually ring
 In mortal ears, and thundering Guns do sing
 In the reporting Air, by both are brought
 Nothing but death, and slaughter to our thought.
 Death rules at Land, devouring as he please;
 And fight who will, he's Master on the Seas,
 Thousands at Land away he weekly sweeps,
 By Sea he Hundreds swallows in the deeps.
 From one poor City, in few months he hurl'd
 So many thousands to another World;

2 Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.

As against this would a stout Army be:
 Unlucky yet, in Town, and Country, he
 Hath slain so many Thousands, as might serve
 An *Alexander*, for a sure reserve,
 If to content his great ambitious mind,
 Another World to conquer he could find:
 These are the dire effects (Oh God!) of our
 Transgressions, and thy just avenging pow'r.
 Did then the *Persian Cyrus*, from an Hill
 Beholding his huge Host, his Eye-lids fill
 With brackish tears to think, one age revol'd,
 All those would into ashes be resolv'd?
 And shall so many Christians in one year,
 Be turn'd to dust, and we not shed a tear?
 O that my head a Fountain were, and I
 Could vent a stream of grief from either eye,
 Weep, and blot out of Sin the crimson stain,
 Whereby the Daughter of my People's slain!
 Sometimes I sit in pensive posture, and
 Form sad Ideas of the Sea, and Land.
 How while the proud insulting *Dutch*, and we
 Contend in dreadful-Fights for Masterie:
 Hell opes her mouth, and in few hours receives
 Such crowds of Souls, as no time ere retrieves:
 Of Bodies such huge numbers sinking then,
 As threaten to Earth up the Sea with men.
 So that our Ships may for the future stand
 On shelves of bodies, not on shelves of sand.

Methinks I see the swelling billows boil,
 Heat by the fire doth from the Guns recoil:
 The roaring Guns which pierce the parting air,
 With terror we on Land far distant hear
 They shake the masse Earth, and thunder like,
 Houses, and Windows into trembling strike:
 And each broad side which strikes my ear, I think
 Now a brave Ship with braver Men doth sink.
 Enraged Mortals striving to out-vie,
 Thunder, and Lightning in the lofty skie
 Darken the air with smook, but fire gives light,
 Or they at noon-day would scarce see to fight.
 Blood from the reeking Decks into the Main
 Pours down; like water in a shower of Rain,
 Discolouring the Ocean by its fall,
 As if it would turn it to a Red-Sea all.
 Fire-ships set all on flames, and make a show,
 As Subterranean fires were from below,
 Broke through the waves: and one would think no
 Fire strove to drink up Sea, Sea to quench out
 The fire, and men by their contentious action,
 Put all the Elements into distraction:
 But themselves rue most, while the bloody fight
 Gives blood to them, who do in war delight.
 Now on the Decks some thrick with painful
 And others sinking are in deadly f'wounds: wounds,
 Here a Commander falls, th' Opponents hollow,
 The Souldiers soon in death their Leader follow:

Here

Here from a corn shoulder flies an arm, and there
 From shatter'd thigh a leg the bullets rear :
 Here wags a head off, the mans brains are dash'd
 Full in the next mans face, his bowels pass
 On his next neighbour, and a third is found,
 Groaning his soul out at a wide-mouth'd wound.
 Here Bullets force drives a heart out, which dies
 To mortals rage a bloody Sacrifice :
 There a head from the bloody neck is rent,
 Mounting as if to hit the Sun it meant ;
 Thus the *Dutch* heads we well may wish to rise,
 And be lift up, above their Enemies.
 But I had rather we, and they in Peace
 Might live, and War might from all Nations cease.
 Had not *Astrea* left the Earth, and rage
 Possess'd mens bosomes in this Iron age :
 Had not sin first divided men from God,
 Then from themselves, scattering all abroad
 To seek new Countries, all had still been one
 Language, and People, letting Warr alone.
 Sin is the onely make-bate in the World,
 That hath all things into Contention hurl'd :
 But since the Prince of Peace his happy birth,
 Who came to reconcile both things on Earth,
 And things in Heaven, methinks those who profess
 Themselves his Subjects, from all wars should cease:
 One faith should be of force hearts to unite,
 In love as much as e're one language might :

The

Reflections on the War.

The second *Adam* should all his restore
To the same concord, which they had before
By nature in the first, and not pursue
Their Christian Brethren, like a *Turk*, or *Jew*.
But what a grief 'tis to good hearts, to see
Christians among themselves thus disagree :
And those, for whom Christ spilt his blood & life,
To shed each others blood in lust, and strife :
That those, who when they go to fight doe pray
To the same God, that each may have the day,
And both doe hope alike in death to be
Translated hence to Heavens felicitie,
Should one another with such fury kill ;
And much rejoyce each others blood to spill :
Good Lord ! how will Heav'n quietly hold those
Souls, who just now were here such deadly foes :
If some of either side to Heav'n do come,
And both to *Dutch*, and *English* be their home,
Could Heav'n admit repentance, grief, and sorrow
Find a place there, those souls would surely borrow
Time from their heav'nly joys, this to repent,
And their unchristian feuds below lament :
Lament now Christians, and leave of your slaughter,
There's no bewailing but in Hell hereafter.
Yet 'tis to be bewail'd that such a flood
By Christian hands is shed of Christian blood.
Thus we contend to blood, but all the while
The holy Spirit grieves, and Devils smile,

6 Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.

All the good Angels too are grieved for't,
 But your Contention makes the Devils sport;
 And the slain carcases of Christians drest
 In blood, and wounds, make *Lucifer* a Feast:
 And at these broils the Infidels do laugh,
 Christians should weep, but yet the most do quaff:
 Such direful deeds just God thou sufferest,
 Sinners for their transgressions to infest:
 In times when blood, and wounds make such ado;
 O that our hearts were rightly wounded too!
 And with just grief could bleed as fast as those
 Poor hearts, who have been pierced by their foes.
 Slack Christians, slack your fury! and employ
 Your noble Valour for a Victory
 More worthy praise, than any you can gain
 By numbers of your Christian Brethren slain.
 You Souldiers by Profession are, your life
 A warfare, and you must here live in strife:
 But 'tis a strife more with your selves than others,
 'Gainst certain foes, and not your Christian brothers.
 The World, the Flesh, the Devil, these are those
 You must still combate with, as mortal foes
 To your immortal bliss; and these will find
 Tough work enough for the most warlike mind:
 But while with Christian men we do contest,
 We cherish, and serve these foes in our breast:
 The World rejoyces, Devil takes delight,
 Lusts of the flesh are pleas'd when Christians fight.
 Lets

Reflections on the War.

Lets turn our force then against them, and shew
What noble acts our Valour there can do;
The Lord of Hosts our Captain is, and will
With Armour furnish you, courage, and skill :
You need not doubt success at all, for he
Who fights Gods battails shall have Victorie :
One lust subdued will you more glory gain,
Than he whose single Arm an Host hath slain.
For 'tis more honour, to o're-come within
Our selves our lusts, than Cities wall'd to win:
Great *Alexander*, who subdued all Nations,
Continued slave still to his lustful Passions.
Be of good courage then, subdue your sin,
And an eternal Crown, and Kingdom win :
Or if the Warriours spirit can't be laid,
But it will still in blood, and slaughter trade :
Let Christians valiant, and victorious arm,
Turn to do *Turks*, and Infidels the harm
Which now amongst our selves, we daily feel;
And let the Heathen fall upon our Steel !
There might be rais'd another holy War,
More truly holy, than the first by far :
Not to get *Canaan*, a Land accurst
As well for *Jews*, as *Canaanites* at first :
But the insulting *Sultan* to restrain ;
Who hath so many thousand Christians slain ;
And with his Hundred Thousands oft doth come
Pouring destruction into Christendome,

8 Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.

Forraging, waſting all with Fire, and Sword,
 Deſying, and blaſpheming Chriſt our Lord.
 Leading away ſuch as the Sword doth ſpare,
 Into a bondage worſe than death by far :
 O that all Chriſtian Princes could agree
 To hamper this Leviathan, and free,
 From his outrageous Inroades, all thoſe Borders
 Of Chriſtendom, where he commits his murders.
 The *Aſiatick* Churches when I think upon
 Mention'd in Saint *John's Revelation* :
 Oh how it grieves my heart ! to think that there,
 Where ſometimes famous Chriſtian Churches
 Now *Turkiſh Mosques* do ſtand & menadore, (were
 The Impoſture *Mahomet*, where Chriſt before.
 And thoſe who yet retain a Chriſtian name,
 Have little elſe of Chriſt, beſide the ſame :
 Their low eſtate allows no means to gain
 Such knowledge, as is needful to retain,
 Religion pure and perfect : Beſides, muſt they
 To this great *Turk* the tenth child yearly pay.
 The tenth is due (O God !) to thee alone,
 And muſt an Infidel thy tribute owne ?
 This woe of all their woes is worſt, to ſee
 Their deareſt children educated be
 In blinder *Turciſm*, made his Janizars,
 Chief Souldiers againſt Chriſtians in his Wars.
 When cruel *Herod* mockt of the Wiſemen ſlew
 So many Infants, he did kindneſs ſhew,

Compared

Compared to this *Turkish* Tyranny;
 For 'tis a greater privilege to die
 Innocent Martyrs, and go hence to glory,
 Than to be train'd up in the cowering story
 Of *Mahomet*: Poor babes! at once must you
 Be from Christs bosome, and your Parents too,
 By Tyrants force thus miserably torn
 Better it were you never had been born.
 Let us reflect, and think did we now hear
 The approaching feet of *Turkish* Officer,
 Ent'ring to take away our darling child,
 Oh what a plight should we be in? how wild,
 And quite beside themselves, would surely be
 The tender Mothers of the Infantry
 Who, that their senses have, would not desire
 To see their tender Infants soul expire,
 His brains dash'd on the wall before his eyes,
 And how the sprawling Corpse convulsing dies,
 Rather than such should us of them bereave,
 In thralldom, and Idolatry to live
 But who do think on this with pity, and
 Deplores not the sad state of *Grecian* Land
 Now then it were a noble enterprise,
 If Christian Princes hearts, and Arms would rise,
 To pull down this proud *Sultan*, and restore
 The Christian Faith where't flourish'd before,
 And free afflicted *Greece*, once the Worlds eye
 From *Turkish* thralldom, and Idolatry;

And all those Christian souls which yearly come
Tribute, and Captives from poor Christendome.
If th' *English* and *Dutch* Fleet would both combine,
T' assist the bold *Venetian*, (a designe
Worthy of Christian Valour) they would make
The Vaunting *Seignior* with his Gallies quake :
If throughout all Christendom were more
(Like those brave Knights of *Malta*, who have sworn
Destruction to the *Turks*) that would combine
Quite to raze out the bloody *Ottoman* line :
Then Christendome might flourish, and be free
From Devastation, and Captivitie.

God grant us Peace at home, and send
Us Victory abroad, and end
All Wars mong Christian men, and cease
The Plague his War with men ; In peace,
And health grant us to live, that we
Might still a happy Kingdom be.

But though the Lord in War on our side stood,
And gave us Victory for the price of blood,
Allaying this fore Judgment by success,
Which in the loss of lives makes grief go less :
Yet the Plague raging far and nigh, destroyes
With sweeping slaughter, and doth damp our joys :
This casts my soul into a sad Reflection,
On the just Vengeance of such dire Infection.

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
PESTILENCE.

JER. 9. 9.

Shall I not visit them for these things saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a Nation as this?

When the just God did visit *London* first,
Our danger less, our fears were at the worst:
In every place men stood upon their guard,
And against Citizens kept Watch, and Ward:
Had we done so against our sins before,
Less had our danger been, our safety more:
But when this dire Destruction still doth last,
And round about us fearfully doth wast;
Harden'd by custom, we do nothing fear:
Our dangers greater, but who sheds a tear?
Our hearts are stone, were they of marble kind
'Twere well, marble sometimes we weeping find,
On the great City of this sinful Land
London, with wealth, and folk, abounding, and
With sin, the cause of woe too, God first pour'd
The brimful Vial of his wrath, and shew'd

12 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

His ireful Judgments: There his Angel drew
 The Sword of Vengeance, and that people flew,
 At first by Tens, which soon to Hundreds come,
 Then Thousands weekly sent to their long-home.
 The frighted Citizens begin to fly
 From House, and Habitation, lest they die:
 They leave their livelyhood to save their life;
 And where they come, their coming makes a strife.
 Lest they bring death with them, Towns are in arms
 To keep out Citizens, as mortal harms:
 Waggon, and Coaches still in every Road
 Are met with, which they, and their Goods do load:
 Where they shall shelter find, they scarce do know,
 Yet durst not stay at home, where e're they go.
 Some who did there in stately Houses dwell,
 Now gladly creep into a Countrey-cell
 And others wandering up and down the Fields;
 No Town, or Village them admittance yields:
 Thus from the Rod of God poor Sinners fly,
 Not from their Crimes, for which they smart, & die.
 Alas! what boots it from the Plague to start,
 And bear with you a worse Plague in your heart?
 Running will not secure you, you're undone,
 Unless you know how from your selves to run:
 Had you your selves forsaken, when at home,
 You need not thus about the Countrey roame,
 Had you fled from your Sins before as fast,
 You need not from the Plague have made such haste.
 Had

Reflections on the Pestilence. 13

Had you been just; and honest in your Trade;
 To deal uprightly; had a Conscience made;
 False weights, (and measures, and deceitful wares;
 False oaths, equivocations, lies) (the snares of
 For simple buyers;) had you never us'd:
 Nor with great prizes Customers amus'd:
 For which i'th Countrey you a Proverb are;
 You ask, say they; just like a *Londoner*;
 Had not your Shops been Dens of such as thieves;
 And lie in wait cunningly to deceive;
 Nay oftentimes your cosening with a shew
 Of honesty, and goodness cloated too:
 No Plague had likely nigh your dwellings come;
 You might securely still have staid at home.
 Had you but kept your Conscience, so you might
 Your Shops with comfort, free from deadly fright:
 But when you turn out Conscience first, no doubt,
 Gods Judgments after't justly turn you out:
 And if you e're get home again, beware
 More Plagues in store for Sinners still there are:
 But for a while here they resolve to be,
 Till *London* shall be from Contagion free:
 But there Contagion is, from which, I fear
 You'll never find the sinful City clear:
 But now lets think on those who stay behind,
 Distrest in Body, and Estate, and Mind:
 Who know not where to fly, and fear to stay;
 But yet must bear the burthen of the day;

14 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

A wrathful day, a dismal time, wherein
Thousands receive the wages of their sin:
Some have no Friends to go to, nor yet Coin
To make them any, some the Laws enjoyn
To stay, and do their Office, some presume,
And others trust no Plague shall them consume.
But it increaseth, spreads, destroyes, doth make
Such as remain, for fear of death to quake.
Now might you see red Crosses there great store,
And Lord have mercy upon many a doore:
The Wardsmen standing, as if he were sent
Deaths Bayliffe to arrest the house for Rent,
And turn the dwellers out; and sure I am,
But few could live long there after he came:
Now Knells of death continually do ring,
And that same doleful sound of Buryers, bring
Your dead out, mortal Ears with terror pierce;
And now a Cart becomes the only Hearse
To bear a heap of bodies to their Grave,
Which neither Obsequies, nor Rites can have
Of Christian burial, the best of all
Have now no Friends attend their Funeral:
No cost of Heirs, no Mourners to be seen,
But driven in a Cart, as they had been
From hanging carry'd, thrown into a pit,
No Priest to say, Earth to Earth I commit.
Now might you see all faces blackness gather,
The Son lamenting for his dying Father,

The Wife for her deceased Husband crying,
 And Parents mourning for their Children dying;
 Now might you hear some from their windows cry,
 Bread for the Lords sake, or we starved die;
 Groaning at once under two dismal woes,
 The Plague, and Famine, both their deadly foes;
 Now Friends, and Neighbours keep at distance, fear
 T' approach their nearest Kindred, for life's dear;
 The Father dreads to see his only Son,
 The Son to see his Father too doth shun,
 The Husband dreads his Wife, whom he with dear
 Embraces us'd to hold, durst not draw near,
 The Wife's afraid her Husband to behold,
 Whom in kind Arms she used to infold:
 Now such as yet do dwell in health and ease,
 Know not how soon the Plague on them may seize:
 Where lately by our Kings happy return,
 All joy, and triumph was, and then to mourn,
 It was piacular; behold! and see
 How sad now there, and mournful all things be!
 And now it were ridiculous to laugh,
 Yet some bold sinners now game, sing, and quaffe:
 Nay (as 'tis told) some by dead Corps do play,
 Away the remnant of their lives short day:
 Poor *London*! this thy sad condition is,
 Yet who bemoans thee? and who weeps for this?
 Thou sit'st disconsolate, of joys bereft,
 In thy distress by friends, and lovers left:

Such

16 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

Such as to satisfie their Pride, and Lust,
Spend here their wanton Summers yearly must;
When they have helpt to bring the Plague upon
Now in this woe, and misery fly from thee: (thee
But let them go, if they mend not, no doubt,
Gods Judgments in due time will find them out:
Though it begins with thee, and you must bear
The Almighty's wrath, for that you sinful were;
A wrath so killing, that your dead do come
Unto nine Thousand in the Weekly sum;
And 'tis reported, though Bills speak no more,
Fourteen might be some weeks upon the score.
Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Is
His mercy gone for ever, and your blifs
O spare thy people Lord, thy people spare!
Who with thy precious Bloud redeemed are:
Will God his anger evermore retain?
Will he still frown, and never smile again?
No, he is gracious, and his mercies sure,
His pity doth from age to age endure:
Humble thy self, and hope well *London*! for
God will not cast off his for ever, nor
Be always wrath, frowns at the highest fall;
So now his over-flowing Judgments shall:
He will consult his bowels, and have pity
For mercy sake upon an humbled City:
And ere the year went round, the Plague was so
Abated, folk a pace did thither go.

Theirs

Theirs ended : now began the Countrey's woe.
 And as provoking Sin its course hath run,
 Avenging Judgment after that hath gone.
 As *London* like the Fountain, sent forth streams
 Of evil through the Land, so now the gleams
 Of wrath, dart thence the Plague abroad, and thus
 Sent Death into the Countrey among us :
Colchester for two years her Thousands paid,
 For tribute unto Death, poor *Braintry's* made
 To give her Hundreds, *Chelmsford* scapes not, free,
 And *Moussham* long hath worn Deaths Liverie.
 In *Easterford Kelv'don* upon the way,
 Death took into an Inne, and made some stay :
 But, (blessed be the God of Heav'n) slaughter
 Was here no dweller but a sojourner :
 As once the year before he here was sent
 Into a Cottage, but no further went.
 But in most Marker-Towns about us slays,
 And by his terror puts down Market-days,
 Whereby the Poor want work, the Farmer vent
 For his Commodities, his Landlord Rent,
 And such whom God doth in their persons spare,
 Deep in their Purfes now afflicted are :
 Money is dead as well as People, Trade
 Is low, yet Payments high must needs be made.
 For Sicknes, and the War do both require,
 Though things we sell are low, our Rates be higher.

18 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

This is our woe, this is our great distress,
 The more's our sorrow, Is our sin the less?
 'Twere well if so, our loss would be our gain,
 Nor would I doubt to see good days remain:
 But this I cannot see, and therefore fear
 No end of these, but a third woe is near:
 Gods knows what will be next, but sure, unless
 We better prove for these, God will not cease
 To punish us, he hath more Plagues in store,
 And can for sin afflict us seven times more:
 Since both the War, and Sickness still endure,
 And once to know the Cause is half the Cure;
 Let us reflect on that, and throughly try
 To search the Cause, and find a Remedy
 For these Calamities, which make so long,
 Have mercy Lord, the burthen of our Song:
 Let's see what hinders mercy, and what sure
 Course we must take, his mercy to procure:
 But while I was about to think on this,
 Another woe befell; The City is
 All on a flame, the Countrey in a fright,
 Our thoughts distracted, business put to flight,
 All stand i' th' way to hear what news from thence,
 As men astonish'd, even bereft of sense:
 But when my Muse her self could recollect;
 On this third Woe began she to reflect,
 Resolv'd at last by light of th' Fire to see
 The cause of all these woes, and remedie,

On the BURNING OF LONDON.

JER. 18. 7, 8.

At what instant I shall speak concerning a Nation, and concerning a Kingdom to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it.

If that Nation against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them, &c.

THe War still slaughters, & the Plague destroys,
And England mournful sits, bereft of joys,
Abandoned to sorrow: yet Gods Hand
Is stretched out against this sinful Land:
And as the City London still hath been
The Spring, and Fountain of the Nations sin,
Another wrathful Vial God doth spill
On them, and thence the Land with terror fill,
Heav'n from the former with provoked ire
Shed death among them, but from this a Fire,
A wasting fire: scarce had that Vial done
Dropping down sickness, ere this woe begun,
And

And all at once in flaming fury thrown
 On this great City, quickly burnt it down :
 God seem'd to slack his wrath, the Pestilence
 Was in a manner quite removed thence :
 And having swept the City, thence did come,
 And all about the Countrey strangely roame :
 And those who hither fled for safety, fly
 For danger hence, and gladly homewards hie :
 London is quickly fill'd, Trading returns,
 No miss, or thought of those are in their urns :
 And with the People sin returned too
 Unmortified, by all the Plague could do :
 This foster'd in their flight, brought home again
 In their return, bred their ensuing bane :
 They come the same men home, take the old course ;
 Whom judgments do not mend, they oft make worse :
 The Beasts God sav'd in Noah's Ark came out
 Beasts as they went in, and some Men, no doubt,
 Have no more sense of mercy, when they live,
 While God doth others to destruction give :
 Cham scapt among the eight in Noah's flood,
 Yet this deliverance did not make him good ;
 He's sav'd, the World destroy'd, yet when all's done
 Wicked comes forth and proves a cursed son.
 So when the Plague like to a deluge swept
 In London, and God there a remnant kept
 Alive, and such as to the Countrey fled,
 A life in mercy here in safety led ;

Reflections on the burning of London. 21

London replenisht once, the Plagues forgot,
 And God that sent it too, the folk no jot
 Amended by it, but the Plague is still
 Most in their Hearts, when left 'tis in their Bill:
 Therefore as when the Plague of Leprosie
 Among the *Jews*, could no way purged be
 Out of their houses, Gods Law did require,
 Such houses should be burned down with fire:
 So when the Plague of Sin could not be purg'd
 From out that sinful City, sharply scourg'd
 By that of Sicknes, God himself in ire
 'Burnt down their Houses with consuming fire.
 Upon *September's* second day i'th' year
 Much talkt of * Sixty six, did there appear
 By two i'th' morning these consuming Flames,
Which did break out first in the Street of Thames:
 And then blown on by a strong wind into
 The City, what e're Art, or strength could do
 Of men to stop, or slack its fury, by
 The Friday morning did in ruines lie
 The greatest part of that within the Wall,
 And much beside of that we Suburbs call:
 For it broke thorough *Newgate*, and went on
 To *Holborn-bridge*, and had through *Ludgate* gone,
 Up *Fleetstreet* unto *Temple-bar* before
 Its fury stopt, and did burn down no more:

* *Sep. 2. 1666.* by two in the morning began this fire, which was
 not suppress in all places till Friday morning following.

22 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

If what without the Walls is burnt, you count
 For that which stands within, as tant amount ;
 Even the whole City in a manner lies
 A ruinous heap to all spectators eyes :
 To quench this fire men labour'd all in vain,
 It wasting run like wild-fire in a train,
 Then you might hear at first the doleful sound,
 Fire, fire cryed all about the City round,
 And there you might behold with weeping eye,
 By fire a whole Street, quickly ruin'd lye ;
 Th' increasing flame mounting its spire to Heav'n,
 Laid th' aspiring buildings with earth even :
 There might you see the Water-Engines ply'd
 With toilsome hands, but God success denyed ;
 They quickly broke, and peoples hearts while they
 Behold their Houses to the flames a prey :
 Thousands did strive to quench the fire, but all
 Labour'd in vain, the stately Structures fall
 Before its fury: Some do water bear ;
 Others pull down such houses as are near,
 To stop its progress, but aloft it flies
 O're th' interval, and makes a Sacrifice
 Of the next Mansion, thence again doth hast,
 The rest with sweeping Vengeance to lay wast :
 No Church, no Hall, no House, no Hospitall
 Can stand before it, but it ruins all :
 What will not burn, it breaks with piercing heat,
 And tumbling down with rubbish fills the street :

Reflections on the burning of London. 23

As when a field of stubble's fired, and
It runs like flowing billows cross the Land
Blown with the wind, or as when torrents fall
From some steep Hills, they bear before them all
Stands in their way : E'ven so this fire runs on,
And in a little time a mile hath gone :
Buildings of all materials you can name,
As stubble were before the spreading flame;
Which like a falling torrent swiftly flows
Through *London* streets, it comes and down all goes:
Which while the tired people do behold
With deep astonishment ; their hearts grow cold
Within them by this fire, when thus they view
The fate of old *Troy* light upon the new.
Now might you poor distressed people meet
With streams of tears lamenting in each Street:
Were these for sin, they'd sooner quench the flames,
Than all the water of the River *Thames*.
Some you might see there with extreamest passions,
Bewail their loss as nigh to desperation.
Now might you see our Sovereign Lord the King,
Water himself unto this fire to bring,
I mean in mournful eyes, weeping to see
His Cities ruines, Subjects miserie ;
Whose sorrow was their solace, as compassion
To those in woe's a kind of Consolation :
Nor did his tears speak pity only, but
By comfortable words he solace put

24 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

Into distressed hearts, and night, and day
 Rode up and down from place to place, to stay
 By all means possible the running Flame :
 Giving forth orders look't to see the same
 Effectually performed, ventring where
 Inferior persons dar'd not to come near ;
 And with his hands to labour did not spare,
 ('Tis said) and to expose his life, through care
 To save the City, for a rumor flew
 Abroad of treachery, if that be true ;
 To think, I tremble in what peril then
 Our Sovereign was among the rout of men,
 When any foe had opportunitie
 To act a not to be thought of Tragedie :
 But praised be the King of Kings alone,
 No hand, or tongue was mov'd by anyone
 Against our King, all joy'd, and blest him, when
 They saw his care, his grief, his labour then ;
 But nothing would assuage this furious fire,
 Which all attempts to quench did raise but higher :
 As the Smiths forge by water grows more hot ;
 When fire of water mastery hath got :
 All limbs, and spirits tired were, but yet
 Their hopes grew lesser, and the Flames more great :
 Now faint, and weary, and despairing quite
 E're to put out the fire, all in a fright,
 (Giving o're the whole City to the will
 Of God, and fury of the Flames, which still

Rage more, and more) (too soon perhaps) disperse
Their several wayes, to save, stuffe, and purse:
As when a Town's besieged, ta'ne and sackt;
Their Goods away like Plunder now are packt:
But many, whom the Flame surpris'd before,
Out of their Houses they remov'd their store,
Lost all their Goods, and in one hour were some,
Wealthy before, mere beggars now become:
And those who most did save, and bear away,
Much of their Goods left to the Flames a prey:
Th' excessive rates of Carrs made much not worth
Removal, though they safe could get it forth:
Some hurrying what they snatcht out of the fire
To the first friends they thought of, when that nigher
Approacht those places, now with speed they were
Compell'd their things away from thence to bear.
And the fire still pursuing them as fast,
Forc't them soon to a third remove in hast:
Thus some to shift their place were oft compell'd,
Who still in hopes the fire would be quell'd,
Would not quite leave the Town, until at last,
All thinking the whole City it would wast;
No other refuge sought but open fields:
Man loth at last unto Gods Judgments yields.
Moore-fields with piles of Goods are fill'd, and there
Their Owners lie abroad in th' open air:
Thousands who lately went secure to bed,
Their dainty limbs on Down, or Feather spread

26 Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.

In stately Mansions, now abroad must lie,
 The Earth their Bed, and Heav'n their Canopie.
 And after three days toil, trouble, and fright,
 Having no ease by day, nor rest by night,
 Nor leisure all this time, due food to eat,
 Now in the fields may sleep, but still want meat :
 Many who late fed on delicious fare,
 Would now skip at a crust, though brown it were :
 But hold ! with horror think I now upon
 (What's yet forgot) the sad condition
 Of women then in travail, and such there
 As in this time sick, weak, and dying were :
 For scarce a day revolved, but you might
 Here there of births, and deaths each day and night.
 How many sad *Benoni's* now were born !
 While lab'ring mothers through the streets are born.
 How many frightened Parents now miscarry,
 And travail must, at home they may not tarry !
 How many while they in the fields do lie,
 Have pangs of Child-birth, and deliverie !
 How many dying persons now expire !
 Breathing their last like Martyrs in the fire ;
 Their Souls like *Manoah's* Angel, soaring on
 The mounting Flames to Heav'n's blest Mansion :
 How many dead have *Roman* buryal there !
 Their Houses funeral piles wherein they were
 Now burned, and lie buried underneath
 The ruines of the place, where seiz'd by death.

Reflections on the burning of London. 27

As when our Saviour in *Judea* wrought
His powerful Miracles, they sick folk brought
On Beds, and Couches to him ; Even so you
Might see them carried forth the City now ;
But with this difference, then to him they came
For life, and health, but fly hence for the same :
These were the sad disasters, which the ire
Of Heav'n did punish sinners with by fire :
The Rampant Flames went on victorious still,
On both hands levelling up to *Tower-Hill*,
Approach't, as if 'twould offer an assault,
But there receiv'd a blow, and made an halt ;
Houses blown up, by which a breach was made,
Prov'd the best Rampart now, whereby was staid
The fury of this foe, and in one hour
Gunpowder cool'd his courage, say'd the *Tower* :
Is Powder then the way to quench a Flame :
Strangely begun, went on, went out this same.
Stranger Experiment sure ne're hath bin,
Thus by a blast to save the Magazin.
But had the fire came on, the *Tower* ta'ne,
How had that strong and ancient Structure lain,
Great Britains strength and glory, in the dust !
For want of Ammunition then we must
Yield to our foes ; But God (blest be his Name)
Would not commit the *Tower* to the Flame :
Which elsewhere forward went, *Newgate* can't hold
This fire, it broke the Prison, and as bold

28 Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.

As ever, unto *Holborn-Bridge* it straid,
 But there through mercy was its fury staid.
 Yet still in *Fleetstreet* did it wander far,
 E'ven to the Temple, but God put a barre
 There to this lawless fire, and here suppress'd
 This Tyrant's raging force, and sav'd the rest;
 For which we ought with thankful hearts to raise
 To him some Trophies of immortal praise.
 Now he that once gave forth his Law in Flame,
 Would not at once destroy ours by the same.
 Now he that saith, from Truth he will not vary,
 Gods mercy was the Temples Sanctuary.
 Had not his mercy now a remnant spar'd,
 Like *Sodom*, and *Gomorrab* we had far'd:
 The City for the most part ruin'd lies,
 To Gods just vengeance a due Sacrifice;
 But through his mercy, just like a fire-brand,
 Out of the burning pluckt, the Suburbs stand:
 Their Goods for the most part too, and lives he saves,
 Who in their houses might have found their graves:
 But now when I reflect on what's consum'd,
 How many Churches are themselves inhum'd!
 How many Hospitals are Cripples made!
 How many lofty publick Halls are laid
 E'ven with the ground! my quill in tears I steep,
 My Muse sits down in dropping Verse to weep.
 Now stately Churches in their Graves are laid:
 Altars themselves are Sacrifices made:

And

And now old *Paul* a Martyr is once more,
And that in *England*, which we must deplore :
His Temple in the fire Ocean stood
Like to some Island, but the raging flood
Of Flames hath drown'd its glory, over-turn'd
This wondrous Fabrick, wonder ! how it burn'd !
The School itself *Ignis* could not decline :
The Pulpit could not its own fall divine :
Yet falling preacht Earths glory is a trance :
The Organs could not pipe, though the Stones dance:
Paul falls away in's old age, the Saint hath
By strange Apostacy now broke his Faith †.
Yet he who when he liv'd wrought many, fell
Not now 'tis said without a Miracle.
His Altar, Clothing, Canopie remain'd
Untouch't, and unconsum'd when the fire reign'd
O're all the rest, lest some Phanaticks shall
Report the bowing that way made him fall.
But since he now lies buried in Faith,
My heart hope of his Resurrection hath :
Where could the Doctor of the *Gentiles* have,
Than among learned Books *, a fitter grave :
Now some obscure Authors, Profane, Divine,
Are brought to light, and their names made to shine :

† The roof of *Paul's* falling, broke strangely through into *St. Faith's* Church underneath *Pauls*.

* Many Books by the Stationers were put under *Pauls* Church, to secure them from the fire, but there were burned.

30 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

Some of them said, *Tempus est edax verum*,
 But this fire proves it self so, and doth jeer 'um.
 Were I Poet only, no Divine,
 I chiefly might lament the loss of Wine;
 But I care not if it were burned all;
 Too much of this hath made the City fall.
 See how this fire did worldly glory jeere!
 View the *Exchange*! O what a change is here!
 Now from the Steeple of the stately *Bow*
 The Bells are shot, and run indeed, but so
 That scarcely one of twelve well cast is found;
 All are like water spilt upon the ground:
 You that were wont to make the Ringers sweat,
 Now are your selves in a far greater heat:
 Ringers keep up your bells! so we would man,
 But they will fall too fast, do what we can:
 Now for the bells men wring their hands, to see
 How the sweet Ring of *Cornhill* me'ted bee:
 The Town's on fire, ring the bells backwards all!
 Alas! they cannot, for they backwards fall:
 For help to save themselves they cannot call,
 How sits the City solitary, who
 Was full of People only full of woe?
 How like a Cottage in a Garden shows,
 Or a storm'd Garrison sack'd, burnt by foes,
 This ancient City! which as stories tell,
 Brute * built when *Samuel* judg'd *Israel*,

* *Lad King of Britain.*

And call'd it *Troy-novant*, 'twas ominous sure;
 And signified *Troy's* fate it must endure.
Lud * afterward rebuilt, more ample made
 This City unto *Ludgate*, which 'tis said,
 Deriv'd its name from his, nay some averre,
 He his name to the City did transferre;
 And changed *Troy-novant* into *Luds-Town*,
 Which time hath chang'd to *London* of renown
 For age, yet beauty, strength, wealth, glory, scarce
 To be paralel'd in the Universe:
 The ancient seat of Kings, and royal place
 Of *British*, *Saxon*, *Norman*, *Scottish* race;
 And which hath hitherto by age, and time,
 Grown but more beautiful, than in its prime:
 But not without some alteration, true,
 It hath oft like a Snake chang'd skin, and hew:
 Nor did it alwayes scape the fire before,
 But in the Conquerours twentieth year (a) it bore,
 Such marks of wasting Flames as at this day:
 The greatest part in ruines then did lay.
 Saint *Paul's* which *Ethelbert*, (b) of *Saxon* men
 First Christian King, did build, was burnt down then;
 This *Erkenwald* (c) its Bishop had enlarg'd,
 Adorn'd, Enrich'd, all which this fire discharg'd.

* Who as Stories tell landed at *Totnes* in *Devonshire*, *Anno Mundi*, 2857. and before Christs birth, 1108. years, and soon after built here a City, calling it *Troy-novant*. (a) *Anno Dom.* 1086. (b) King of *Kent*: and moved by *Mellitus* Bishop of *London*, to found this Church. *Mellitus* consecrated Bishop, *An. Dom.* 606. (c) Consecrated Bishop of *London*, *An. Dom.* 675.

32 Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.

But the next year (a) *Mauritius* piouslie,
 Another Prelate of this Ancient See,
 Laid the foundation of a far more fair,
 Magnificent, and stately Structure there;
 Which in process of time, by bounteous hand
 Of pious Benefactors, late did stand
 This Nations glory, others envy, and
 Not to be paralel'd in Christian Land:
 The boasted of fair Church of *Nostre Dame*
 In *Paris*, might be Handmaid to this same;
 When our *St. Paul* was in his pomp, I trow,
 Their Lady set by him would make no show
 Until the Steeples Heav'n assaulting Spire,
 By Lightning sent from Heav'n was set on fire:
 As if this seem'd to imitate the pride
 Of *Babel* builders, whom God did deride,
 This lofty *Pyramis* he burned down;
 Which fire seisd on *Paul's* roof, & sing'd his crown,
 And with its smutty beams, scorched his head,
 Black't and defac't the whole Structure, and made
Paul look more like, to such as did him mark,
 An *Ethiopian*, than an *Englisb* Clark:
 The marks of which he for a long time bore,
 Nor could regain his beauty as before;
 Till to the Land of God, and his own praise,
 The Reverend Archbishop *Land* did raise

(a) *Anno Dom.* 1087.

Reflections on the burning of London. 33

Paul's to its pristine glory ; till late times,
When Sacrilege, Rebellion no crimes,
But Vertues were accounted : Some mens zeal
Could devour whole Cathedrals at a meal:
Christ's zeal for Gods House eat him up, more odd
Was this, their zeal eat up the House of God :
The holy Tribe, and service, they cast out,
Brought Horses in, the more beasts they no doubt :
Thus these Phanaticks, O abominable !
Turned the House of God into a Stable ;
And Reformation was there never stranger,
Where Altars stood, to set up Rack, and Manger :
Temple profaners must on the sacred floore
Your Horses dung? What could the *Turks* do more?
The *Jews* indeed did less, they to a Den
Turned Gods Temple, but it was of men,
Though thieves, but these more brutish, for the nonce
Make it a den of thieves, and beasts at once ;
And by such usage, *Paul* declin'd a pace ;
The Souldiers gave him deep scars on his face,
His Walls lookt sadly, and his Gates did mourn,
Until the late miraculous return
Of King, and Bishops, who remov'd th' abuse,
And *Paul's* restor'd unto its pristine use :
And daily did re-edifie, repair
All parts about it, which lately ruin'd were :
But by this raging fire, which now befell
The City, sparing neither Church, nor Cell,

Paul

34 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

Paul 'mong the rest into his Grave is thrown,
 Whence we expect his Resurrection :
 In King, and Bishops, to good works inclin'd
 We *Eihelbert*, and *Erkenwalds* to find,
 And generous *Mauritus* too do trust ;
 Who will redeem *Paul's* once more from its dust :
 Nor do I doubt, did we but lay to heart
 The causes of our woes, by which we smart :
 Or would this stubborn Nation but endure
 The means of their Recovery, and Cure :
 Th' Almighty would in mercy soon restore
 The City to its beauty, or to more :
 It should not long as now in ruins lie ;
 Nor noise of War our borders terrifie :
 The killing Plague should in all places cease,
 Our Land enjoy Prosperity, and Peace.
 Let us consider then of all our woe
 The Cause, the Cure we shall the better know.

The Cause of our Calamities.

THE Cause of all, in highest Heav'ns I seek,
 And in our sinful bosomes, which do reek
 With boiling lusts, whence sinful deeds do rise,
 As vapours from the Earth, above the Skies
 Ascend, and make those clouds of Gods just ire,
 Which thunder'd forth the War, lightened the Fire,
 And

And did on this provoking people pour
 Of mortal sickness a contagious shower :
 Not for the causes meerly natural
 Of all these woes, or means instrumental,
 Search I, but for the prime efficient,
 And inward moving cause, were our hearts rent
 With due contrition, this we soon might spy
 Deep in our breasts, for that we must look high :
 God is the Author, and our Sins the Spring ;
 Which on us all these dreadful Plagues do bring :
 How many Atheists in this Land do dwell ?
 Even Owles at *Athens*, blind in *Israel*.
 There is no God, say some fools in their heart,
 VVhom war, nor Plague would from their Atheism
 Sure by the light of the late dreadful fire (start :
 They'll see their folly, and the light that's higher.
 How many with corporeal fancies serve
 That God who is all Spirit ? others swerve
 From his prescription, after their own will
 Do worship him, and are devoutly ill.
 Many a swearing, cursing miscreant,
 As Devils upon Earth, each place doth haunt,
 And do blaspheme Gods sacred Name, in spite
 Of all Plagues, with a Plague, and take delight
 To tear Christs wounds, & afresh make him bleed ;
 Pra'y to be damn'd, but sure they shall not need :
 When neither war, nor plague would these affright,
 God fir'd their Houses 'bout their ears to light
 Them

Them to Repentance, and thus let them see
 An Embleme of the Worlds Catastrophe,
 And an Epitome of that Hell Infernal.
 In which the wicked after death must burn all.
 How many do neglect, contemn, profane
 All holy times consecrate to God's Name,
 And service now? How is the zeal grown cold,
 Which thronged Christian Churches so of old?
 Scarce the tenth part will in some places come
 To Church, but most do idley stay at home,
 Or to Schismatical Assemblies run,
 Or make an halt until the Pray'rs be done:
 Of those, who in our Churches do appear,
 How few with reverence, and godly fear
 Behave themselves? some do in Taverns wast (feast,
 Those precious hours, when here their souls should
 And one would think, when such a Plague God sent,
 All Christians now would fast, pray, and repent:
 But on the Fasting days, Good Lord! how few
 Will come before thee, and for mercy sue!
 All Holy-days ~~are~~ mere Play-days now are made,
 Or consecrate to drunken *Bacchus* trade:
 Church doors are open'd, & bells ring for fashion,
 But th' Alehouse hath the greater Congregation:
 Gods House indeed is styl'd the House of Pray'r,
 But if no Preaching be, few will come there,
 They think't not worth the while to call on God,
 Even when they groan under his scourging Rod:
 They

They hear, and hear, but never learn to do
Those duties which all Preaching tendereth to :
Others whose lusts, and sins the Word controuls,
Nauseate all Preaching, Physick for their Souls ;
And the seduced people, whose blind eyes
See not of Christ the saving mysteries ;
Yet wholesome Chatechizing wont endure,
For their Souls blindness though the only cure :
Thus is Gods Service crucified between
Two thieves like him, and in his House is seen
A den of thieves, one sort rob ~~of~~ him of Pray'r,
The other rob their souls of his Word there :
And for the blessed Sacrament, so full
Of sweetest consolation, to the dull
A quickning goad, to weak a strong support,
Assurance to the fearful, and a fort
To tempted Christians, to such as for sin cry,
An Handkerchief dipt in Christs blood to dry
Their sorrow up, a Cordial to the faint,
An heav'nly banquet to the humble Saint :
How few will fit themselves, draw nigh, and tast
This soul refreshing mystical repast :
'Twas one effect of our late Reformation,
T' exile this Sacrament out of the Nation
Almost, some towns in twenty years had not
Any Communion, they had forgot
Do this in remembrance of me, and now
They've lost their stomacks by long fasting ; how

38. *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

To bring them to an appetite once more,
 That the Lords Table may of guests have store,
 We scarce do know, they have been so affrighted
 From that wherewith their souls should be delighted
 Their Preachers sounding in their ears damnation,
 To scare them from Communion profanation,
 Which was indeed to rise 'mong some, that durst
 Approach without due Preparation first,
 But still forgetting equally to press
 Their duty to receive, though in the dress
 Of Knowledge, Faith, Repentance, Charitie ;
 That in contempt did as much peril lie ;
 The poor deluded people did believe,
 The only danger was if they receive ;
 Fly from their Souls food as their certain bane ;
 To whom Christs Institution is in vain,
 So strangely Gods Commandements were then
 Made void by the Traditions of these men.
 Now this luke-warmness to Gods worship, we
 May both in Countrey, and in City see :
 For such contempt of Christs Authoritie,
 Might justly some be sick, some weak, some die :
 Mens coldness kindled wrath, that fire anon,
 To make them fervent in Religion :
 You would not come to Church a while ago,
 No Churches now you have to come unto :
 The Gates of Sion mourn'd 'cause few, or none
 Would enter there, but now you make your mone,
 And

And mourn for Sions gates, 'cause they are burn'd
With fire, and to a heap of ashes turn'd.
Sion before in silence did lament,
Because so few her solemn Feasts frequent
Now you may mourn in silence, sigh, and fast,
For that the places of her Feasts be wast :
Thus want of zeal hath fir'd the House of God,
Neglect of Worship Temples hath destroy'd,
Nor could you look, but that which burned down
God's Houses thus, must needs consume your own.
Thus justly may the War, Plague, Fire, and all,
For our neglect to serve God, on us fall.
How many disobedient are to all
Their Parents, civil, spiritual, natural ?
How rise's Rebellion, while the People strive
With Prince and Priest neither due reverence give
Their Princes Laws, the people think not right,
The Priests their Prelates admonition slight :
Servants rebel against their Masters, and
Wives disobey their Husbands fit command ;
Children their loving Parents honour not :
Obedience among all sorts is forgot.
What swarms have we of stubborn Sectaries ?
Who all Dominion boldly do despise :
Nor are afraid to speak of Dignities
All kind of evil, though most grievous lies.
The Ark had but one *Cham*, our Church many,
Who glad their Fathers nakedness to spy,

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With most reproachful mocks, and taunts discover,
 And blazon it abroad the Nation over,
 Nay rather than Fathers in Church or State,
 Shall want the ruder peoples scorn, and hate:
 Such whet their tongues to tell the smoothest lies,
 Which these to popular scorn may sacrifice.
 Rebellion though as sin of witchcraft reigns
 Among this headstrong people, whom no reins
 Of Law will rule, no Power curb, or awe
 From following their will, their will's a law
 To them alone, who without fear, or shame,
 Publickly their perverseness do proclaim:
 Saying, if they were not commanded to
 These, and these things they would them freely do.
 O stubborn people! shall there ever rest
 Spirits of Contradiction in your breast?
 Hath God stamp't his Authority upon
 Your Governours, and do you think they've none?
 Hath he said they are Gods, and will ye then
 Give less respect to them, than other men?
 Counsels of whispering Seducers, how
 Prone to observe, and promptly follow, you
 Are; but how backwards to obey, we see,
 Lawful Commands of just Authoritie:
 And is the lawfulness, and duty less,
 Because enjoin'd? nay more your stubbornness
 To disobey: God is contemned sure,
 And such contempt from men will not endure.

Yet

Yet when for peoples sins he Plagues hath sent,
 They oft impute them to the Government :
 So the rebellious mutineers of old
 VVhen the Earth strangely swallowed up those bold
 Conspirators of *Corah's* faction, cry'd
 Ye the Lords people kill'd, Gods hand denied,
Moses, and *Aaron* with that slaughter charg'd,
 Till God by his just judgment them discharg'd ;
 By a sad Plague sweeping these murmurers thence,
 Brought the whole Camp into another sense :
 Now when the like sins among us are spread ;
 Shall we not say for these are many dead ?
 Gods Judgments are a great deep, if we dive
 Too far, we drown all Charity, alive
 Preserve censoriousness, believe I do
 All sorts have sin'd, all sorts have suffer'd too ;
 Yet all may hear, what some observe, and dread ;
 Most factious places are most visited.
 Have we not murmurers among us too,
 Like to rebellious *Corah*, and his crew ?
 VVill, what is *Moses*, and what *Aaron*, say,
 Are we not all holy, as well as they ?
 To rule, and sacrifice, all would have pow'r :
 Might not for this a fire from God devour
 The City, which as eminent in sin,
 Hath exemplary now in judgment been ?
 That whilome was rebellions spring and nurse,
 And seem'd back-sliding to the former course :

Is now of *England's* woe, and sorrow source :
 Sin no more so, lest you are plagued worse.
 What murders in this Land committed were ;
 For Civil Wars on one side murders are :
 And God doth know, to whose charge shall be laid
 That blood which in our Civil Wars was shed.
 Blood is a crying sin, so much was spilt,
 This Nation cannot but be deep in guilt ;
 Especially when Royal blood hath been
 Profanely shed, no doubt a roaring sin ;
 And who doth know, but the just God doth make
 Now Inquisition for that blood, and take
 Due Vengeance on us for that barbarous fact,
 The like whereto no Nation ere did act :
 Unless those cursed *Jews* who crucified
 Their Saviour, for which they still abide
 The wrath of God, and shame of men, as we
 For that through all the world reproached be.
 Nor need we wonder judgment was delaid,
 That this same Vengeance was no sooner paid,
 If it should be for this : For God is wont
 To call men to Repentance first, he don't
 Suddenly punish, but gives means and time,
 That men may see, and sorrow for their crime ;
 And so prevent the Plague ; now all the while
 Usurpers rul'd ; Our King was in exile ;
 None openly of this might speak a word ;
 Which to deluded people could afford

Due Information of these hainous crimes,
Which past for Vertues in those cheating times :
But since the Throne, and Pulpit too were free
From Gulls, Impostors and their knavery ;
Since all men saw, what ever such pretended,
In Self-advancement their Religion ended :
Since the Saints coat was pulled o're their ears,
Who for a Cloak of Villany it wears,
Since that vile murther hath been quite disclaim'd
By a free Parliament, a Fast proclaim'd,
Wherein the Nation annually may
Humble themselves before their God, and pray
The guilt hereof may not lie on their head,
To them nor their posterity be laid :
Since Orthodox Divines have soundly shown
How sins of others may become our own ;
And so how many ways men guilty stand
Of Royal blood, before Gods bar, whose hand
Or heart ne're toucht it : not by commission,
Counsel, or by abetting the transgression
Only, or by allowing it for good ;
But by our not resisting it to blood,
Or by not mourning for't enough, or by
Those sins, which did provoke the Deitie,
So far to suffer villany to reign,
For woe to us, to kill our Sovereign :
Since means, and opportunities have thus
Of true Repentance been afforded us ;

The only reason of Gods Patience;
 Yet so few shew a hearty Penitence,
 Even among those most deeply guilty were;
 Who where the Fast is kept will not come there;
 But have such seared Consciences, that they
 Keep a Thanksgiving on that Fasting-day;
 Dwell we not stil with those, whose fine tongues are
 More soft than Oyl, yet in their hearts have War,
 Who smother are than Butter in their words,
 Yet in design, and wish, are drawing Swords:
 Such as pretended ever to abhorre,
Charles the first death, and seemed zealous for
 The Seconds Restauration, missing what
 In Church, or State they hoped for by that,
 Seem in their discontent to lay the train
 Of th' old Rebellion, venturing again
 A second *Charles* his ruine, rather then
 Their will shall not be law, and they the men.
 Shall not God visit such a Generation,
 And be avenged on a bloody Nation?
 And since that sinful City cannot be
 Excus'd from guilt of blood, which was too free
 In contributing to the war, and killing;
 And to the Royal bloods inhumane spilling,
 Not (to the shedding of their own,) resisting,
 To that which came to this, too much assisting:
 (The Bodkins which the City Dames did give,
 Our *Cesar* of his life help't to deprive:

The tumults raised there were Prologue to
 This tragick Act, which other hands did do:
 Since they could see their King before his Doore
 Murther'd by miscreants, and weep no more:
 Since blood of loyal Subjects too was shed
 I'th' midst of them, and they scarce shook their head.
 Since they so long supported, and maintained
 Usurping Powers, who in Rebellion reigned
 Under the Kingly power unruly were,
 Yet Tyrants force so long could tamely beare
 Might not for this Gods Justice lately call
 For those Judgments did on the City fall
 In David's time a Plague on Israel,
 For what Saul did to th' Gibeonites, befall
 How with uncleannesse of all sorts defiled
 Is this our sinful Land, the people wild
 In their unbridled lusts, like Horses they
 Are ranck, each for his neighbours wife do sigh:
 Sodomy, Incest, Fornication, and
 Aduery; Nay of heart, tongue, and hand;
 All kind of filthinesse is sadly found
 To be too fruitful in our English ground:
 In Court, and Camp, City, and Countrey, we
 This kind of sin grown impudent do see:
 The Nation hath the forehead of an Whore,
 Declares her sin as Sodom, and doth more:
 When such as should in others punish it,
 The same themselves without shame do commit;

Sinners

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Sinners are bold, and do not seek to hide
 Their shame, but all reproof thereof deride:
 We read by Plague did many thousands die,
 When *Israel* did with *Meab's* Daughters lie:
 How *Sodom*, and *Gomorrhah* when they burn'd
 In lustful heat, God into ashes turn'd
 By fire from heav'n; since first our guilt and blame
 Hath been, well might our suffering be the same;
 And that same filthy City which doth lie
 In ruins, How full of Adulterie,
 And all uncleanness was it? and as some
 Observ'd, the Plague did most in places come
 And rage, where this sin reign'd, yet, health return'd
 To them, afresh they in their old lusts burn'd:
 In filthiness they drove on *Sodom's* trade,
 And now by fire are like *Gomorrhah* made:
 Yet have a remnant escap'd, like little *Zoar*
 For shelter unto *Lor*, let such beware!
 More Plagues in store for sinners still there are.
 Thou shalt not steal; saith God; but O my soul!
 How doth our Peoples practice this controul?
 Will they not rob? Yes, God himself they will;
 In Tithes, and Offerings they do it still.
 In ev'ry Parish Vicar you may see
 A witness of the old Church robberie:
 Nor can we yet forget the later time,
 When Sacrilege accounted was no crime:

When

When from the Church her Rights, Revenues, Lands
Were pluck't away by Sacrilegious hands :
When some mens zeal the very Bells did melt
Bullets to make, their Enemies to pokt :
When heat of Reformation our Church Plate
Coin'd into current money for the State.
And some mens feud with Superstition rent
Each peice of Brasse from dustie monuments
When greedy Cormorants stood gaping still
For gleab, and tithes, even to the Goose, whose quill,
Thanks be to God, is left us yet to write
The shame of those, who in such theft delight,
And was it not Commission of transgression
Against this Law, to Plunder by Commission ?
Besides their Sequestration, Decimation,
Was there not cunning stealing in this Nation ?
Whatever some do reckon of their sin,
Far lesser theives I doubt have hanged bin.
Now when I Fraud, and Cosenage think upon,
Extortion, Bribery, and Oppression :
I fear almost in ev'ry way and street,
Go where you will, each man's a theif you meet :
Some on the Bench are greater theives by far,
Than such as stand before them at the bar :
Too often Law, and Livings too are sold
For bribes, and simony, now very bold :
Such as do sell, or lend to court must stay,
And some years hence for expedition pay :

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In ev'ry shop a cheating thief doth stand,
 To cosen with fine words, while by the hand
 He friendly shakes you; In each Market, Fair,
 Each buyer finds thieves are not very rare:
 Each brother will supplant, and falsely deal,
 Each neighbour over-reach, which is to steal
 And I believe, even to the Countreys coast,
 The King of all men now is cheated most.
 Whom may we trust, whose word now dare! We
 Why do we Bonds to one another make?
 There are we see more thieves among us, than
 House-breakers, Cut-purses, and High-way men.
 Now may I be of *Jeremiah's* mind,
 And wish some quiet lodging-place to find
 In solitary Wilderness, that so
 I might from such a treach'rous people go:
 Who bend their tongues as bows for cosening lies;
 Deceitful men, whom none will trust, that tries:
 Whose tongues are arrows shot out, speak deceit,
 Uttering fine words to cheat, they lie in wait:
 Of such God saith, Behold, I'll melt, and try them:
 Reprobate silver, then to be he'll spy them.
 Shall I not visit for these things, saith he,
 And on such people now avenged be?
 And as the City hath notorious been
 For sins of this sort, justly now 'tis seen
 Low in the dust, sunk under its own weight
 Of Cosenage, and Oppression, from its height.

Land-

Landlords intolerably rack'd their Rent;
This made them rack their Consciences to vent
At highest rates their Wares; E'ven forc't to cheat,
To get their Landlords Rent; their Family meat:
Fraud, with Equivocations, lies to mask,
Double the price of any thing to ask,
Hath been the brand of Citizens we know:
These things may be the cause of all their woe.
Thou shalt not bear false witness God hath said:
How then are Knights of th' post become a trade?
Nay those who like Saints walk in holy guise,
Do bend their tongues as bows for telling lies:
Had there been none who would false witness bear,
Our Martyr'd Sovereign had yet stood clear
Before the worst of Judges, Calumnies
Were ever blown into the peoples eyes
(Lest they should see his innocence, and wrongs)
By subtile slander from their double tongues,
Who fought against, yet said they for him fought,
Vow'd to preserve, yet to the Scaffold brought
His life; and honour; still belied his Cause,
His Person, Party, and the juster Laws;
While in a mockery of Justice, they
Would seem by Law their Sovereign to slay:
Falsely accuse God too, Religion, Reason,
While they would make these seem t' allow their
Had not false rumors, & reports 'mong us, (Treason:
Into Rebellion gull'd the people thus:

They'd

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They'd ne're have suffer'd *Charles* the first so good
 A Prince, by Regicides to lose his blood :
 Still the same trade of lying's carried on
 Under the mask of pure Religion :
 No Mountebanck doth use more lying tricks
 To cheat, than these religious Empericks :
 On womens zeal when they'd commit a Rape,
 The Pander still must be religious Ape :
 To slander King, and Bishops, from the Church,
 Is still the way, new Profelytes to lurch :
 And of all men the holy Tribe are most
 Belyed by some, who of their Saintship boast ;
 Nor of her sons alone false tales they broach,
 But most the Church their Mother do reproach :
 Schism's backt with slander of the Church their Mo-
 Yet all the Factions slander one another : (ther ;
 But beside Slanders, Errors, Heresies,
 False Oaths, Equivocations, Perjuries,
 Are in these sinful dayes among us found,
 To grow, and thrive, and spread in *English* ground:
 Oaths of Allegiance, some like *Sampsons* cords
 Can snap asunder, while a pack of words
 They call a Covenant, contrived by
 A pack of Knaves, must hold inviolably :
 Oaths of Canonical Obedience
 Many to keep make little Conscience,
 But swallow them, and think no more upon't,
 These ne're rise in their stomacks, though they don't

As

At all observe them, while a squeamish Sister,
 To whom the Cross, or Surplice, gives a Glist'ner,
 It goes against their Conscience to offend
 Though oaths, subscriptions, and all bonds they rend
 In pieces quite; nay their good Dames to please,
 To all their duty give a writ of ease:
 Nor is the Countrey fertile soil alone
 To these ill weeds, but they have freely grown
 Within the City, for such sins of late
 God justly might lay it even desolate.
 Nor is the root of all curs'd evil less
 Of growth in *English* ground, Covetousness:
 This sin with us hath had the greatest stroke
 In breach of both the Tables, we thus broke:
 Many make Gold their God, a silver shrine
 Is their *Diana*, Conscience for coin.
 Is sold; Truth, Honestie, Justice, and Faith
 The greedy lust of Gain devoured hath:
 O cursed thirst for gain, what canst not thou
 Compel frail mortals sinful hearts to do:
 To swear, and lie, rebel, and murder, and
 Turn bauds, or whores, Knights of the post, or stand
 To cry, and rob, to cosen, and betray (prey,
 Their dearest friend, Church-rights to make their
 For gain to prostitute wives, daughters, and
 Do any thing, they are at thy command:
 Nay some the form of godliness do make
 A cloak for cosenage, and a snare to take

The simple buyer in: In holy guise
 Some hucksters dare of souls make merchandise;
 Who like the *Pharisees* pray by the hour
 Only the widows houses to devour:
 And others will not spare an hour to pray,
 Devoted unto Mammon quite are they;
 Who now do find to leave their shops to pray,
 Had been to keep their shops the surest way:
 While Covetousness in all our hearts thus grew,
 Alas poor *London*! is it not too true?
 For these things we, and thou above the rest,
 By the just band of God now sufferest.
 Nor let the Drunkard think he is forgot,
 His Nations stain, and his religions blot:
 Who under one Commandement alone
 Is hardly rank't, his sins 'gainst ev'ry one;
 Or doth at least betray him to commit
 The Heav'n provoking sins, which violate it.
 The swinish Drunkard *Bacchus* doth adore:
 Who Oaths, and Curses in his mouth hath more?
 Gods Service he contemns, his Sundays spends
 At some good fellowship of drunken friends:
 He little Honour, or Obedience shows
 To whom he Honour, and Obedience owes;
 Be they Parents or Priests, Prelates, or Prince;
David the Song of Drunkards was long since:
 What brawls, contentions, murders some commit
 In drunken Revels, without fear, or wit:

By drinking Healths, some drink away their own;
And kill themselves, a thing not seldom known:
Wine is they say the milk of *Venus*, true,
A Drunkard not a Wyencher, who ere knew?
Nor spares he cosening, fland'ring, and doth cover
More liquor still, above his Soul doth love it:
To sins of all sorts thus he gives the reins,
All ill with's liquor slides into his veins:
Since now so rife is this abomination,
Who can expect from Heaven, but desolation,
And with the noisome Pestilence chastise
A beastly people, who themselves disguise
So much with drink; some their bowls tossing up;
Found death even at the bottom of the Cup;
When in the midst of jollity were they,
Death brought a reck'ning up and took away;
And in this City, where this sin was common,
A Drawer now can show a room to no man:
Such who o're-charg'd with drink too oft cast in,
God out of house, and home hath cast for sin:
And he hath pour'd that wine upon the floore,
Which often laid the drinkers there before:
Wine in a thousand Cellars was burn't all,
And pour'd out at the Cities Funeral:
And some for loss of wine did more lament
Than for their sins, for which our Plagues are sent:
More of a Tavern, or Play-house the fall
Lament, than of a Church, or Hospital.

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Sick with this sin from head to foot hath bin
 Our Nation, sick 'tis justly for this sin:
 Their Wine inflam'd the Citizens before,
 Justly now fire inflam'd their Wine therefore:
 As well with shame, as wine, to make these blush,
 God now in th' fire appeared in the bush:
 And for this sin God justly might, no doubt,
 Make this good Land to spew the dwellers out.
 And next to Drunkennels, now Pride may stand
 Accus'd as cause of all woe in this Land;
 For this the *French*, whose Apes in this we be,
 May justly be our scourge; the vanitie
 Of varying fashions! which doth make us strange
 To such as know us, and our women change
 Their shape with each new Moon, & some do show,
 By the loose wanton garb in which they go,
 What ware they sell; and some do strive by paint,
 To make the ugly Devil seem a Saint:
 Some have their faces with black Patches drest,
 As thinking dapled Ladies will sell best:
 Methinks it seems as if some Feind did place
 The print of Hell burnt fingers on their face:
 Born with such spots should you your children see,
 You'd call't no beauty, but deformitie:
 God now sends spots, as he would theirs deride,
 And note to all, that theirs is plagueie Pride:
 And now adays, because within there rests
 So little Vertue in most womens breasts,

(Which

(Which of old won them Husbands, that would give
Dowries to get a vertuous Wife to live
With them, as helps most meet, and comforts sure;
Friends in both fortunes till death to endure :)
Naked they expose them to youthful eyes,
Hoping, if not true Love, yet Lust may rise
At such a sight ; and seizing on the heart
Betray it unto them, and the fond smart
Of *Cupid's* flames, while these do now deny
What they would faintest grant, and only try,
By sprinkling water to increase the fire,
By their denial to augment desire :
Thus hunt they for their dear, and use some wile
To bring the simple heart within their toil :
Vertue can only it a subject make ;
Beauty a wandring heart may captive take :
And now our Ladies vanity, and pride,
And their neglect of Huswifery beside,
Affright all sober men, who fear to woo,
Lest they should court their woe in doing so ;
Or with their wives will now some thousands have
To keep them in the fashion fine, and brave.
What a fine life our Gallants live ? and yet
'Twere fine indeed, if 'twere the way to get
To Heav'n, and its immortal happiness ;
But they're beside the way I more than guess ;
Whose days, and years are always vainly spent
In Dressing, Mistressing, and Complement ;

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Who rise, and dress by noon, come down and dine,
 Then to a Play, thence to the House of wine,
 And so to bed, it may be drunk before;
 Perhaps all night embracing of an whore:
 If these be Christians, where's their Masters badge,
 The Cross, and Self-denial? they can't fadge
 With these; If such go hence to glory,
 Hell, and the Devil sure are but a story:
 The way to Heav'n is broadest sure, if they
 Who wander thus, can thither find the way:
 Pride doth usurp on God, provoke him thus
 To plague us for't, that he might humble us:
 And that proud City, which lift up her head
 Above the rest in pride, full low is laid:
 The parent, nurse, spring, stage, of pride, and vain
 Fashions, and tricks, which our Religion stain.
 And whose proud Dames out-vied in garishness,
 Our modest Ladies in their Countrey dress,
 To all these sins, wherewith this sinful Land
 Before the Lord of Heav'n doth guilty stand,
 May many aggravations urged be,
 From Gospel light, whereby men clearly see
 The evil of these evils, yet do they
 The works of darkness in the brightest day;
 From great Ingratitude so plainly shown,
 When God miraculously poured down
 Incomparable mercies on us; those,
 Who late oppress'd under their cruel foes,

Could

Could own their sins the cause of all their woes,
Now freed from these, return again to those :
A King, a Parliament, a Church regain'd
Peace, Liberty, Religion maintain'd,
Some desperate God-dam mes do begin
To war with Heav'n by their Gigantine sin :
The roaring blades aloud do quickly call
For thundring Vengeance on their heads to fall :
When health, and plenty, joy, and triumph, crown'd
Our Land, our hainous sins apace abound :
Swearing, Carowsing, Cheating, Briberie,
Oppression, Sacriledge, and Simonie,
Pride, lust, and all the rout of sins o're-run
Our Countrey, so our joy, and triumph's done :
We first forsook the God of mercies, and
God makes his mercies to forsake our Land ;
And now to mercy judgment doth succeed ;
VVe surfeited, and God doth make us bleed :
Abundance of corruption sickness brings ;
And heat of lust hath fir'd our pleasant things :
Yet under all these Judgments are we still
Incorrigible, and perverse in ill :
God may say, I have sent the Pestilence,
That I might bring you to an humble sense
Of sin : your young men with the Sword I slew :
Your City I as *Sodom* overthrew :
Yet have ye not returned unto me ;
Therefore yet seven times more I'll punish ye :

And thus of all our woes we see the cause
 Transgression is against Gods holy Laws:
 A Gospel unbecoming Conversation
 Provoketh God thus to afflict our Nation:
 And in the ripping up our sins to see
 The root, and spring of all our miserie,
 I would not have men think, to any one
 Or sin, or party, I impute alone
 Our woes, and judgments, but to one, and t'other,
 To all, and ev'ry one, I would not smother
 My own, or Friends, but do desire that all
 Would think for their sins these things us befall
 And each apply the Plaister to his wound,
 Which healing ev'ry one will make all sound:
 Nor need we doubt to have a perfect Cure
 If all will but the Remedy endure:
 Which now I shall consider of, and try,
 For all these woes to find a remedy.

The Cure.

ANd 'tis half wrought already, since we see
 The inward cause of our sad maladie:
 Now to remove the cause is the most sure
 Way to effect a safe and speedy cure:
 And had I but good Patients, then I might
 Promise a cure, and lose no credit by't:

But

But I must hie the Patients court, to let
The Physick be apply'd, for they as yet,
How sick soever, scorn our Ministry,
Who would the healing Remedies apply:
In bodily Diseases they will hie
Them quickly to Physicians, lest they die,
Send, pray, and pay, take what's prescrib'd, endure
All pains, and tortures, for a speedy cure:
But in their Soul distempers will not give
An ear to sound advice, nor seek to live:
And when we freely offer, do disgust
Our wholsom Physick, such needs perish must:
Is Earth less worth than Heav'n? or is the Soul
Less to be valued than the Body soul?
No reason can you thus preposterous make;
We keep the Casket for the Jewels sake:
Or if this transitory life now is
In more esteem than Heav'n's immortal blifs,
Yet take our counsel, and our medicines, seeing
They're for the welfare of your present being:
Receive, apply, and let them work, they health,
Temporal, and eternal peace, and wealth
Do bring: And now these Remedies so rare
Repentance, Faith, and true Obedience are:
Repentance takes away the cause of woe,
Faith reconciles us unto God, and so
Future Obedience will our blifs secure,
From age to age for ever to endure.

Go mourning, and hold up your guilty hand
 Before Gods bar, there self-condemned stand;
 The way here to be sav'd is to confess,
 Your sins cloak not, excuse not, nor make less;
 But aggravate them all, mercy implore,
 From him who keepeth mercy still in store
 For penitent offenders, ever will
 Exalt the humble, and the mournful fill
 With Oyl of gladness, never will despise,
 But with delight accepts the Sacrifice
 Of broken-hearts, and binds them up and heals
 The wounded Spirit, which compunction feels:
 Before Gods foot-stool therefore prostrate lie,
 Cry guilty Lord, confess, or else you die:
 Judge, and condemn your selves, if you would save
 Your selves, with God such only pardon have.
 Relent, repent, reform, and thoroughly purge
 Away your sins, and God will take his scourge,
 And Plague away, with him make but your peace,
 And he will make your VVars with men to cease,
 Or us Victor; quench but the flames of lust,
 And he will raise the City from the dust!
 That kindled first Gods wrath, and this the flame
 Which fir'd the City of so ancient fame:
 For this bow down before Gods Throne, and kneel,
 This fire might melt you, if you were all steel,
 Into some godly sorrow; lie as low
 As doth your City, and bemoane your woe.

Repent

The Cure of our Calamities?

61

Repent in dust, and ashes, as that lies,
And God will make it *Phoenix*-like to rise
From Funeral ashes, *London* then shall yee
More glorious in its Resurrection see:
Might this fire be the Cities Purgatory,
God would restore it with far greater glory:
Thus if Repentance make our peace with God,
VVe may believe he'll throw away his Rod:
VVithout Repencance Faith presumption is,
And finds no mercy; but when mixt with this
It never fails to find, and sure ground hath
For hope, and trust, and then indeed 'tis faith:
If we repent, it's the Condition still
ImPLY'd in every Promise, that God will
Prevent, or take away his Judgments, but
Th' impenitent the door of mercy shut
Against themselves, and lock themselves in woe,
Keep then your sorrows, or your sins forgoe:
But if we do repent, we then may trust,
God will forgive us because he is just:
Then pray in faith, with hearty Supplication,
That God would pardon this our sinful Nation,
Remove his heavy hand, send peace and health,
Repair our ruines, and restore our wealth.
Go sin no more, but henceforth him obey,
So shall our Kingdom flourish, and all they
VVho seek its ruine shall confounded be,
And snar'd in their subtile iniquitie:

No

62 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

No force, nor fraud, shall hurt a righteous Cause;
Manag'd by such as keep th' Almighty's Laws :
But we oft see the juster cause o'rethrown
In sinners hands, who hardly God will own,
The stronger party to the weak a prey,
When they will not the Lord of Hosts obey.
If God be for us, who can us defeat?
If he against us, where shall we retreat
For refuge? If we him against us arm
Whom all the creatures serve, what cannot harm
And ruine us? The Angels take Gods pay,
And one of them a mighty Host can slay :
The Stars in their swift course do flyly fight
Gods battels against sinners day, and night :
Clouds are his Canons, swift destruction sling
By Thunder, and their Lightnings vengeance bring
By fire on sinful mortals : and the wind
Brings on its wings oft ruine to mankind :
The calmer air convey the Pestilence,
Whereby death steals into us without sense :
The Earth is iron, and the Heav'ns are brass,
When threatned Famine God will bring to pass !
Earth once did open, and take Rebels in
Alive, as if it could not bear that sin :
The Seas do pass their bounds, and us o'reflow
With mischief, when God bids them further go :
Frogs, Locusts, Caterpillars, creeping things,
Will take the Palaces of mighty Kings

When

The Cure of our Calamities. 63

When God doth arm them, and their persons wise,
And in a Land devour all (when God doth please)
That's fair, and fruitful: Even our breath infects,
Our very dust turns Lice, or some Insects
To infect sinful men; A Fly 'tis spoke
Ventur'd a Pope infallibly to choke:
Could he Souls out of Purgatory vote,
And yet not keep a Fly out of his throat?
But thus we see, when God gives them Commission,
The feeblest Creatures give us expedition
Into another world: who God not fears
Hath all the world in Arms about his ears:
While Man his Maker serves, he's Lord of these;
But when he sins they are his Enemies:
When we provoke our God, where e're we go,
Each creature looks upon us as a foe:
God will protect, and bless his servants, but
They who rebel, no confidence can put
In him: Since to believe, and not obey,
Self flatt'ry is no faith, henceforth I pray,
Lets lay the sure foundation of our trust,
In purposes to keep his Laws most just:
Then may we trust he will our Plagues remove,
And shewr down blessings on us from above:
When we do purpose to endeavour, and
Do strive to purpose to keep his command:
Begin a new course then, and never cease
To walk in Gods ways, for his ways are peace,
And

64 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

And pleasantness, to bear Christs yoke delight ;
 His yoke is easie, and his burthen light :
 To sin is no light thing, did it not press
 Legions of Angels to the bottomless
 Infernal pit from highest glory : hath
 Not man by weight of sin been prest to death ?
 Look upon worldly wealth, and count it dross ;
 Deny your selves, take up your Saviours Cross ;
 The worlds crown hath its cross, his cross a Crown,
 Her smiles betray, more safety's in her frown.
 Give unto *Cesar*, and to God their due.
 Fear God honour the King, to both be true :
 Since God is one, so let your heart be, and
 Serve him with one heart after his command.
 Think not your wit a better way can find
 To worship God, than what is his own mind :
 Take not his Sacred Name in vain, nor swear
 Profanely, but with reverence, and fear
 Mention Gods holy Name, in Justice, Truth,
 And Judgment, when call'd to it, take an Oath.
 Observe the holy Times, grudge not to spare
 Some time each day for holy thoughts, and pray'r ;
 But on the days to worship consecrate,
 Divide not betwixt God, and Mammon, hate
 To rob God, and your Souls, be wholly given
 To holy Service, grudge not one in seven
 To him that made them all, nor yet refuse
 The Churches holy days, as such to use :

Nor

Nor count to pray scarce worth your coming there,
 Since God doth style his House, the house of Pray'r.
 Honour your Parents of all sorts, and show
 To Prince, and Priest the rev'rence that you owe:
 Their nakedness when spy'd lament, and bide;
 And not like *Cham* discover, and deride.
 Hate not your brother, have no murtherous thought:
 Remember what dire Vengeance murther brought
 On *Cain*, and under no pretence be killing;
 Religion cannot justifie blood-spilling.
 Make clean your hearts, and keep your bodies free
 From Fornication, and Adulterie:
 They are the Temples of the Lord, be sure
 The holy Spirit hath a mansion pure
 In you; That Dove likes not a cage unclean:
 You'l be th' unclean Spirits den, if obscene.
 Be just, and honest, and do no man wrong,
 Nor cheat, and cosen with a double tongue;
 Ill gotten goods do not increase your wealth,
 But are the rust, that wasts by secret stealth.
 Think not you gain, when you a curse do get,
 This is a Canker, and will surely fret.
 Accuse thou no man falsely, nor defame
 Thy neighbour, tender as thine own, his Name:
 The Angel durst not on the Devil fail;
 And shall we call them Saints, who do not fail
 Prince, Prelates, Priests, & all their friends to slander;
 Nor spare the Church their Mother, but will brand
 her)

With

66 *Seasonable Thoughts in Sad Times.*

With Calumnies, their Schism to justify;
 Bad is the Cause sure, which doth need a lie
 For its support; and shall they not be had
 In more esteem, whom foes by lies make bad
 Father of lies the Devil's rightly styl'd;
 And he who like him is, is his own child:
 His own brood then are sure the Sectaries,
 Whose constant Trade is to be telling lies:
 Truth unto ev'ry one, or friend, or foe,
 In Justice, and in Charity we owe;
 Accuse not God as the Heretick doth,
 Who broaches his own Error, for Gods Truth;
 Beware of Covetousness the root of Evil!
 Mammon of all the swarm's the Master Devil:
 Love not the world, nor sell thy Soul for coine;
 Thy Soul's a richer Jewel, than doth shine
 In this inferior Orb, keep that, and quit
 Thy wealth, wealth's of no worth and price to it.
 Love God, thy Soul, thy Friend, covet more grace;
 And care to see in Heav'n thy Saviours face,
 Leave Drunkenness, and lewd debauchery,
 Your Nations, and Religions infamy,
 Your souls, and bodies ruine, families bane,
 Estates consumption, only Devils gain:
 God made you Man, make not your self a Beast;
 Drink of its Reason will your mind divest:
 Drink to refreshment, not to sottishness;
 By healths to lose your own is foolishness;

The Cure of our Calamities.

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Stay at the third glass, keeping still the round
Doth often spill the drinkers on the ground;
Custom, continuance makes the Wine inflame;
Then in thy Face beholders see thy shame.
Leave foolish Pride, and garish vanity,
And cloath your selves with neat Humility:
Meekness, and Grace, with neatness more adorn,
Than all the foolish Fashions which are worn.
Let not Gods Mercies be by us neglected;
Nor all his Judgments leave us uncorrected:
His showrs of Blessings be more fruitful under,
And let his hammering Judgments break asunder
Your rocky Hearts, the means of Grace regard;
Walk in the Light, and Light shall you reward,
Light of Gods countenance in heavenly bliss
Where neither Fire, nor VVar, nor Sicknes is:
Nay did we thus, I doubt not God would send
Us here Peace, Health, and Joy, our Times amend:
And with our former blessings prosper us,
For the days wherein we're afflicted thus:
VWhich that our God, and Saviour quickly may;
Let us repent, return, and humbly pray.

Deo gloria in excelsis.

FINIS.

P. S A L. 118. 6, 7, 10.

6. The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me.

7. The Lord taketh my part with them that help me; therefore shall I see my desire, upon them that hate me.

10. All Nations compassed me about; but in the Name of the Lord will I destroy them.

P. S A L. 91.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the Fowler and from the noysome Pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust, his truth shall be thy shield and buckler, &c.

Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the Arrow that flyeth by day.

Nor for the Pestilence which walketh in darkness, nor for the Destruction which wasteth at noon day.

A Thousand shall fall at thy side, and Ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

J E R. 30.

18. Thus saith the Lord, Behold! I will bring again the Captivity of Jacobs Tent, and have mercy on his dwelling place; and the City shall be builded upon her own heap, and the Palace shall remain after the manner thereof.

19. And out of them shall proceed Thanksgiving, and the voyce of them that make merry, and I will multiply them, &c. I will also glorifie them, &c.

20. Their Children also shall be as afore-time, &c. And I will punish all them that oppress them, &c.

A Cordial to Chear our Spirits under our Calamities *.

(1.)

When force of Physick quite hath put to rout,
The noxious humors did within us reign,
The vital Spirits almost tired out
By the long conflict which they did maintain;
The wise Physician doth some Cordial give
The Patients fainting Spirits to revive.

(2.)

Thus when by mournful conflicts we have won
The day of sin, and hope our woes do flie:
Lest tim'rous hearts into despair do run,
And when the cure is wrought begin to die;
'Tis not amiss to give some Consolation
To chear the Spirit of an humbled Nation.

(3.)

And if indeed the mighty Hand of God
Hath duly humbled us, we need not fear,
We once corrected, he'll reject the Rod;
And from our mournful eyes wipe ev'ry tear;
His face on us shall shine, frown on our foes,
And from our Land to theirs transmit our woes.

P

(4.)

(4.)

Cheer up brave *English*, fear no foe but sin!
 Though the ingrateful *Dutch*, and *Dane* combine,
 And proud *French* bustle, these shall nothing win,
 But shame, and slaughter from Gods hand, and thine
 Thy thundring Guns shall shake the *Belgick* shore,
 Their Lyon (a) couch, when ours do rowse & roar.

(5.)

Their Lyon once was a poor sneaking Curr
 Broke from *Spains* Castle (b), croucht to us, to gain
 Our aid, in which had we but made demurr,
 He soon had been remanded to his chain.
 We succour'd him until he freedom knew,
 Shook chain, and Master (c) off, and Rampant grew.

(6.)

The poor Distressed States came Suppliants then,
 Now, High and Mighty grown, they have forgot,
 Whose blood and treasure helpt to make them men,
 'Twas the brave *English*, *Holland* was it not?
 Methinks while lives the noble name of *Vere*,
 The *Dutch* should blush 'gainst *England* to appear.

(7.)

The valiant Acts of the brave *Veres* for these,
 A second *Caesar's* Commentaries make,
 Which whosoe're surveys, from thence with ease
 The heighr of *Dutch* ingratitude may take,

(a) The Arms of *Holland*. (b) The Arms of *Spain*, from whom the *Netherlands* revolting, were aided by *Queen Elizabeth*. (c) King of *Spain*.

Who by our Armies raised to their height,
To do us mischief, still employ their might.

(8.)

And who may trust a Rebel, or expect
To find a Traytor prove a faithful Friend,
Who violate Allegiance, will neglect
All Articles with others for their end:
We hatcht them, thinking we should find a Dove,
Come forth, and loe ! it doth a Serpent prove.

(9.)

Like Serpents of a vip'rous brood, which strive
To kill the Parent gave them life, and growth;
These who by our Protection first did thrive,
To let us live by whom they live are loath:
But now we shall, if Stars speak right their fates,
Bring down the Mighty to Distressed States.

(10.)

So do our *Magi* read in Heav'ns bright Book,
(God grant who rules the Stars, they may not err,)
The shaggy Comets have their mischief thook
On us, now will as much to them transferr:
Heav'n hath, and will still take our part no doubt,
Th' Almighty can the high and mighty rout.

(11.)

Just are thy ways O God, thy Judgments right,
But we to thee, our foes to us ingrate,
Therefore at Land thou justly us do smite,
And them for us at Sea dost dissipate:

F 2

We

72 *A Cordial to Chear our Spirits*

We humbled under thy correcting pow'r,
Them thou wilt quickly humble under our.

(12.)

Thrice have the vaunting *Belgians* come to show
Their numerous Navy, by constraint did fight;
Thrice have the braver *English* made them know,
Their safety's best pursu'd by hasty flight:
Twice their expecting people saw them come
As prey before the *English* hunted home.

(13.)

Once when unlucky shot disabled quite
Our Gen'als Ships that they could not pursue,
They getting home, brag'd they beat us out-right,
But to get home with them is to subdue:
And a Thanksgiving wisely they observ'd,
For that so many of them were preserv'd.

(14.)

But stay my Muse! and on the peaceful shore
Behold the martial combates on the Seas,
Such as no age ere veiued heretofore,
Nor will succeeding times see after these:
Where God pays home ingratitude and pride;
Giving the Conquest to our juster side.

(15.)

His Royal Highness first in Person goes,
With him the brave Prince *Rupert*, each of these
More worth than all the Navy of our foes,
Whom the bold *Opdam* did not doubt to seize:

With

With what odds fought we them? if richest prize
Can whet the Valour of our Enemies;

(16.)

The Fleets engag'd (d) and a fierce conflict grew,
The clouds of smoke obscur'd the midday Sun,
From thund'ring Canons storms of bullets flew
Driving out souls, while streams of blood do run
From shatter'd bodies, as sometimes you shall
In sudden showres see rain from houses fall,

(17.)

The frighted Sun himself i'th' smoke doth shroud,
And threatens night so soon as day's begun;
To do his office, from no thundring cloud
Lightning breaks forth, but from the louder Gun:
When peaceful Heav'n denies its purer light
To mortals rage, by their own fire they fight.

(18.)

Forth from the deadly Engines fire womb
The sp'rit'ous Peter bursting rends the skies,
And flaming Sulphur raises foaming scum
In boiling Seas, the fish in water fries;
The Earth receiving the report doth quake,
But all this cannot *English* spirits shake,

(19.)

No wonder they did Deifie of old
Their valiant Heroes, who undaunted run
Into the arms of Death, resolv'd, and bold,
For Fame, and Honour, they no peril shun,

(d) The first fight with the *Dutch*.

But dangers which all others dread defie ;
A noble soul's a kind of Deiry.

(20.)

But if these Heroes had so great renown,
Who stood in noiseless war, pecking out life
With flying Arrows, hewing bodies down
With Swords, to let out souls ; a sporting strife :
What honours due to him who never shuns
The deaths which flies so thick from roaring Guns ?

(21.)

Guns, whose report strikes fearful hearts with death,
And more with terror than with blows do slay,
Whose wind doth snatch from untouch't men their
And passing by can whistle souls away : (breath,
Here cowards hearts dead in their breasts are found,
Though coming off at last without a wound.

(22.)

Guns whose loud thunder shakes the worlds huge
Into convulsive fits, and seems to threat (frame
A sudden dissolution of the same,
Before the wise Creator thinks it fit :
Yet among these our Worthies boldly stand
With hearts unshaken, shaking death by th' hand.

(23.)

Nep:une rows'd with their noise comes up to see,
What on the surface of his Kingdom's done,
Rising, he shakes his head to see that he
Cannot be Master of the Seas alone :

But

But that two daring Fleets are fighting for't
Without Commission from his watry Court.

(24.)

He looks upon them, and the *Dutch* he knows,
Their Land was stol'n from him, & all their wealth
His Tides bring in ; if nurselfings proves his foes,
He will recover what they got by stealth :
He fears them not, though valiant in a cup,
He thinks they cannot drink the Ocean up.

(25.)

But on the *English* casts a jealous eye,
Seeing them mantled all in fire, and smoke,
He fears they will with him for Empire vie,
Gazing a while, deep silence thus he broke :
What mean these daring mortals ? who are these
Without my leave thus Lord it on the Seas ?

(26.)

He spies the Duke (e) and fears that *Mars* is come
To ravish *Thetis*, and to rule at Sea
Yet thinks he, I will send him whistling home,
And therefore bids the winds to come away :
But drawing nearer he beheld the Prince (f).
And his mistake, with a far kinder sence.

(27.)

He smooths his ruffled brow, and calms the air,
Comes mildly on, doth thus the Duke salute ;
Accept this *Trident* O thou fiercely fair,
And rule at Sea, see it is *Neptune's* sute :

(e f) Duke of York.

Let all the winds serve thy design, and show
To thee, what reverence to me they owe.

(28.)

Where e're my Trident's known, or rule extends,
From Sea to Sea, where e're my tides do flow,
And to each River which his tribute sends
To me, do thou a Conquerour still go!
Ride Sir in Triumph on the Ocean wide
And tame these *Hogen Mogens* swelling pride.

(29.)

He said, and on his Sea-green Couch sits down
To see the issue of the kindling fight:
By this his Highness hot, and eager grown,
Diffuses valour as the Sun doth light,
Till by his raies the *English* all on fire,
Make the *Dutch* Valour soon like smoke expire.

(30.)

They fire at greatest distance, and the air
Not us they beat, and make the water fly,
They hope the noise us a far off will scare,
For they much fear that we will come too nigh:
But ours bear bravely up, nor spent a shot
Till almost certain that they loose it not.

(31.)

Now near enough, discharged Canons send
Pluto a present of *Dutch* souls, who take
A sudden leave of sprangling corpse, and wend
To lower shades over the *Syagian* lake:

Who

Who came in hopes as high as Ships on float,
Now fail to their long home in *Cheron's* Boar.

(32.)

When our braye Admiral on lofty deck
Stands brandishing his Sword, confronting death,
Whose influence to fear in all gives check,
And inspires valiant heat by his warm breath.
Whom as a noble prey *Opdam* espies,
And with a daring fierceness at him flies.

(33.)

Him others follow, all the Duke engage,
Who life to his, and death to their men throws
From martial brows, which with a smiling rage
Strike awful love into his very foes.
Put five (g) to one is odds, yet so he shows
His presence counter-vaieth four of those.

(34.)

Smith saw the unequal combate, and straight flew
With wind-fill'd canvase wings the Duke to shield,
Himself between the Duke, and *Dutch* he threw,
Nor gives them time to choose, die, flie, or yield:
One broad side given unto *Opdam* blows
Him up, and blew away the other foes.

(35.)

Now bragging *Opdam* (set in Chair of State
As still alive (though kill'd before some say)
With cosening shew his men to animate)
Sinks down in Triumph, leading more the way

(g) Five of their Ships set upon the Duke's at once.

To *Styx* and *Acheron*, where such as thall
Descend, will find him *Pluto's* Admiral.

(36.)

Mean while Prince *Rupert* doth like lightning fall
Among the scattered Squadrons of the *Dutch*,
Where he finds none, makes way like *Hanibal*,
Who many fights have seen, saw never such:
With murd'ring broad-sides opening passage wide:
His dreadful Frigate thorough them doth glide.

(37.)

Passing, on either side he shares his shot,
To which *Dutch* Hulls so weak resistance make,
That speedy death enters at ev'ry plot,
And sinking ships a shrieking farewell take,
And shiver'd splinters from torn planks that fly
To many deaths make one shot multiply.

(83.)

Thorough, he tacks about, and soon returns,
And from loud Guns repeats the doom of wounds,
And death to them, some sinks, some takes, some burns,
And hundreds makes fall into lasting wounds:
While his besieged batter'd Pinnacle stood
A floating Castle in a Sea of blood.

(39.)

Experience now doth give a just allay
To his high metal, both in him do meet
So duly temper'd, that he justly may
Lead a Land Army, or conduct a Fleet:

In Conduct wary, and in Counsel grave,
In Courage fiery, and in Conquest brave.

(40.)

Here gallant *Holms* too, bold defiance gave
To *Trump*, and all his fury, whom he made
'T'wice quit his sinking ship his life to save,
Who in a Boat got home at last, 'tis said : (him,
Where landing, if the women could have catch't
For slaughter'd sons, and husbands they'd have

(41.)

(scratch't him.

Now all this time the ecchoing air resounds,
The noise of war to many aking hearts
On trembling *Holland*, and on *English* grounds,
Each wound in sympathizing bosomes smarts :
But now the routed *Dutch* invoke the winds,
Hoyse all their sails too slack for flying minds.

(42.)

All steer for nearest Ports where their folk stand
Expecting them laden with spoils to come ;
But see them with stretcht Canvase fly to Land,
And the pursuing *English* drive them home.
Whose guns, and shouts strengthening the winds the
Hast fleeing *Belgians* to their wisht for shore. (more,

(43.)

Got into Harbour, there they skulking lie,
By our Triumphant daring Navy aw'd :
So creeps the tim'rous Hare to some wood by,
And squatted lies, hearing the Hounds abroad :

From

From smitten breasts now doleful cries rebound;
For sons, and husbands not returned found.

(44.)

Mean while our crouded shore with shouts doth
Of joyful people, which with longing eye (ring
Behold the Vessels that doth tidings bring,
And Colours (b) Trophies of our Victorie :
And conqu'ring Frigates bringing home their prize,
Make thundring Guns shake th' earth, and rend the

(45.)

(skies.

Whose kind salute our watchful Forts return
With as loud welcome, and the watry store,
Proud of the Worthies on its waves are born,
Curvers, and foams, and gallops to the shore :
Where landed Captives, and the taken prize
Do take our hearts, and captivate our eyes.

(46.)

Now see the fruit of pious management
Of war, and all affairs, we kept a Fast
Before the fight, and Heav'n success hath sent,
Who sow in tears shall reap in joy at last :
Let's owe our glory to Humiliation ;
For humble Penitence exalts a Nation.

(47.)

What Prayers got, let praises give to God ;
Who in the first Engagement turn'd the wind.

(b) Colours taken from the Dutch ships ours took, and sent up to the King, shewed in the Countries they went.

To favour us, and be to them a Rod
With smoke repell'd to lash them almost blind:
Nor will our giving God the greatest glory
At all eclipse mans honour in the story.

(48.)

In giving Thanks, we do but sow the seeds
Of future blessings, and lay up in store
That which in time a fruitful harvest breeds;
And praise for what heav'n gives, bespeaks for more,
Thus do Thanks-givings Victories obtain,
And Conquests make Thanks-giving-days again.

(49.)

Now bragging *Holland* saw they could not beat
The *English* by their single strength alone,
From *France*, and *Denmark* they seek aid to get,
So hope to match us, being three to one:
We dread them not, our trust in God shall be,
There's three in one can make our own beat three.

(50.)

Our King, and Loyal hearts no help require
From such confederates, our Cause is good,
And God will blast our foes designs, as fire
Consumes with sudden blaze the thorny wood.
Though Nations compass us about, we shall
In Gods great Name, we trust, destroy them all!

(51.)

The faithless *Dane* first offer'd friendship here;
And during Treaty tempts us to his Port (i)

(i) *Berghen* dutchels,

To

To seise the *Belg'ans Indies* anchor'd there,
 A Squadron under *Tyddiman* go for't :
 And under sail to *Berghen* by the way
 Each Sea-mans mind is laden with his prey.

(52.)

Arriv'd they see inclos'd in Rocks their prize,
 First *Clifford* lands the Governour to treat,
 Who knowledge of his Master's (k) will denies,
 Bribe'd by the *Dutch*, he means both Kings to cheat :
 Yet bears us fair in hand if Once he knows
 His Princes will, he our design allows.

(53.)

Mean while he lets the *Belgians* plant on shore
 Their batt'ring Canons to defend their wealth,
 And from his Castle murd'ring pieces roar,
 Fir'd by the *Dutch*, he saith, got in by stealth :
 Thus basely dealt with, the bold *English* fall
 Pell-mell to batter Castle, Town, and all.

(54.)

Enrag'd to see themselves thus Tantalize,
 They seek to sink what's past their pow'r to gain
 One on a Bed of Spices sweetly dies,
 Others by broken Diamonds are slain.
 Rich Odours fir'd in Ships now cloud the skies,
 As Incense doth from kindled Censers rise.

(k) The King of *Demetria* who profered our King that his ships might take any *Dutch* ships in his harbours, and the Prize to be divid'd betwixt them.

(55.)

But this did not appease incensed minds,
 Our batt'ring balls now shatter houses down,
 Now thorough Castle-walls death entrance finds,
 And folk now fear the Sea will take the Town,
 What will not *English* spirits bravely dare
 To do? for Ships to storm a Castle's rare,

(56.)

By this the Governour seems to relent,
 Desires to treat again, pretending now
 Th' Agreement made betwixt the King is sent,
 The order owns, he first did disavow,
 That what we in their Harbours take shall be
 Betwixt the Kings divided equallie.

(57.)

Now he invites ours to a fresh attempt,
 But limited with terms to frustrate it,
 They saw his proffers did success exempt,
 And wisely thought a new assault not fit:
 Till they return'd, he would secure the prey
 He promis'd, they hoise sail, and come away.

(58.)

Now whether *Denmarks* King new counsels took,
 Or *Berghens* Governour his faith did sell,
 Few day's expired ere the *Dutch* forsook
 The Harbour uncontroul'd, but a storm fell;
 Whereby just Heav'n seeing our wrong did bring,
 Part of the prize we fought for to our King.

(59.)

(59.)

Nor shall perfidious *Denmark* lose his due,
 Heav'n will his kindness unto us repay,
 And he his double dealing erst shall rue,
 When *England* shall of *Holland* win the day :
 And then have leisure to remember friends, (ends,
 Whose proffer'd leagues but serve their treach'rous

(60.)

Mean time the slighted *Swede* may check the *Dane*,
 And ballance him on the divided *Sound*;
 Or ancient fame of *Swedish* valour gain
 By flowing Conquests on the *Danish* ground;
 Whom he may soon in field subdue, and then
 In *Copenhagen* block him up agen.

(61.)

Nor wish we *Munster's* Bishop better fate,
 Who got our coin, and left us in the lurch,
 By whose deceit we costly learn too late,
 The *German* faith is not in *Roman* Church :
 Which keeps no faith with Hereticks we know,
 But did forget that they do count us so.

(62.)

Holland of *France* expects a kind Protector,
 'Tis envy, and not love that makes him such,
 I doubt he'll rather prove a fly projector,
 And only help that he may rule the *Dutch* :
 So once the *Saxons* did the *Britains* aid,
 Until this Kingdom for their service paid.

(63.)

(63.)

What ruffling *France* for *Holland* means to do,
Two Summers hence they possibly shall know,
The last they complemented to and fro,
This their fine Fleet abroad shall fairly show:
The third he may to show his horns begin,
But if a storm comes wisely draw them in,

(64.)

Yet proud *France* blusters with his Men, and Arms
As if he'd win the world, and great plots laies
For some Invasion, but no Land he harms,
His mind on *Holland*, not on *England* preys:
The Sea's an Hill (1) his Forty Thousand men
May bravely sail up, and goe down agen.

(65.)

Le Roche can tell 'tis a design more meet
For Courtly *French* to man a Lady home,
Than warlike *English* on the Seas to greet
From whose salute doth greater mischief come:
If first he had not carried home their Queen,
France's tall ships *Portugal* ne're had seen.

(66.)

Yet he with promises doth *Holland* feed
Of great assistance which he still delays,
Those haughtiness in *Belgian* spirits breed,
But this their expectation still betrays:

(1) According to the common opinion that the waters are higher than the Earth, and lie upon an heap at Sea.

The greatest kindness he hath done them yet,
Was by the show he made to part our Fleet.

(wonder how it did like (67.)

Unhappy parting when Prince *Rupert* went
To seek the *French*, nois'd to be put to Sea,
Their joyning with the *Belgians* to prevent,
Which the *Dutch* hearing came out presentlie:
Whom *Albemarle's* great Duke (m) engag'd alone,
Though they in numbers were near three to one.

(68.)

Their numerous Navy he no sooner spies,
Which on the Ocean like a City shows,
But he with Canvass wings to battel flies,
Whose Fleet looks like an Hamlet to his foes:
More great in mind, in pow'r less by far,
He hurls himself into unequal war.

(69.)

His Captains all bear bravely up, and fear
No perils where this Gen'ral leads them on,
Dangers with him like shadows do appear, (gone:
Which where bright *Phæbus* sheds his rays are
The name of *Monk* was dreadful still among
Remembring *Dutch*, his Name's a Squadron strong.

(70.)

The Fleets engage (n), and they in numbers bold,
And ours in spirit, now the fight grows warm,

(m) The second fight with the *Dutch*, in the beginning of June this last Summer, when Prince *Rupert* and the Duke of *Albemarle* went General by joyn't Commission. (n) The first days fight.

Our Snugging Frigates do their sides unfold,
 And theirs more lofty built our rigging harm:
 We ply'd them thick, & made their fleet more thin,
 Each Ship its own way open'd to get in.

(71)

Among their multitude unseen ours lie,
 Like stragling Hunters beating in a spring,
 Until the hollowing Guns do signifie
 To partner Ships their place; these answering:
 Then through the *Dutch* they cut their passage free,
 And let in light; thus one another see.

(72.)

Long time our few their many counterpoise;
 The *English* Valour holds the balance even;
 If either, the *Dutch* scale did seem to rise,
 And the advantage to our side was given:
 But envious night her sable mantle spread,
 And from our force glad *Belgians* covered.

(73.)

The weary Seamen lay them down to rest
 To fresh their spirits for a fiercer fight;
 Victorious dreams (o) the *English* minds possess;
 And black Ideas did the *Dutch* affright:
 These dream of flying *Dutch*, start up, and shout
 These startle up to run as put to rout.

(74.)

Aurora drew her curtains, and did peep
 Forth from her Eastern bed, and scatter light,

(.) The second days fight.

88 *A Cordial to Chear our Spirits*

Our eager Souldiers shook of idle sleep,
And theirs arose with early minds for flight:
With wishing heart each homewards casts his eye,
And Vessels coming from their Coast doth spy.

(75.)

Which brought a fresh supply of sixteen Sail,
These rais'd their fal'n spirits up anew:
Ours heard their shout, and saw: their hearts might
If ought the *English* Spirit could subdue:
Whose strength's their courage, doubling this they
Th' increasing number of their foes supply.

(76.)

Our little Fleet was lesser grown by war;
A little from a little's quickly mist:
Their multitude did many better spare:
Yet all discouragements our still resist:
With such a General they scorn to fear,
Who doth the prize of conquer'd Nations wear.

(77.)

The Noble Duke, what e're his heart revolves,
With smiling aspect cheers his pensive men,
And fills their anxious hearts with brave resolves;
To new assault he fiercely leads them then:
Long time with even success the fight maintain'd,
No Conquest ever greater honour gain'd.

(78.)

Another new supply (p) augments their store,
And so the strongest strength increasing get;

(p) On Saturday even.

While

While our disabled Ships sent off to shore,
Unto the weaker adds more weakness yet:
But Day these conflicts weary to behold,
Gave leave to Night her Sables to unfold.

(78.)

The careful Duke commands his men to (q) rest,
Himself on reeling Deck doth watchful stand,
A thousand thoughts perplex his anxious brest
No gale of hopes his fervent spirit fann'd:
Yet he resolves no *English* shore to touch,
Unless he's Victor o're the vaunting *Dutch*.

(80.)

The rising Sun now gilds the Eastern skie,
Both Fleets prepare the quarrel to decide,
Victory thus far evenly pois'd did lie,
But now inclined to their stronger side:
Yet are not ours o'recome when they pursue,
But to the flying still the honour's due.

(81.)

Opprest with number mightiest Spirits yield,
When Force, and Ammunition both do fail,
The truest Valour wisely quits the Field,
Thus wants, and weakness, not the *Dutch*, prevail,
Make our unwilling General retreat,
Who yet in this doth still his foes defeat.

(82.)

In such triumphant order he retires
As above former Victories doth raise

His great renown, big Frigates he requires
 To keep the rger, the less securely lays
 Under the shelter of the greater's wing,
 And thus his shatter'd Navy off doth bring.

(83.)

Our greatest Frigates keep the *Dutch* in awe,
 If their advancing Vessels drew too near,
 They turn'd, and by a broadside give them law
 For distance, one was sunk the other fear,
 And follow as if awfully they come
 To see our batter'd Navy safely home.

(84.)

Only the *Prince* (a gallant Ship) did strand,
 Whose presence boldest *Dutch* could never brook,
 Nor durst approach while upright she could stand,
 But falling fowl, her helpless men they took:
 Her self expir'd in flames, much better so
 Than to be prize to the insulting foe.

(85.)

At last the *Prince* (r) whose heart was in his ear,
 E're since he heard the Guns, steer'd by their Sound,
 With flying Colours doth far off appear,
 But *French* they were, which first did ours confound,
 And the glad *Dutch* bore up their friends to meet,
 And him with warlike welcome kindly greet.

(86.) *Prince Rupert* who came into the Duke on Sunday eve.

(86.)

(86.)

Approaching, he red Crosses soon displays, (hands,
Which hush't their joy, heav'd *English* hearts, and
De Ruyter sneaking back with shame, now lays
With craft his bragging Ships behind the Sands,
Who with a braving shew now hover there
To tempt the eager Prince into the snare.

(87.)

Fierce as a Lyon he to combat flies,
To check the boldness of this vaunting foe,
But the Dukes wibse upon his Jack-flag spies,
The signal that he should not forwards go,
But first consult; then with a slighting tack
He waves the *Dutch*, and to our Fleet comes back.

(88.)

With leaping hearts the Prince, and Duke embrace;
The Prince doubts no success, the Duke alive,
The Duke sees Victory in the Prince's face;
Both joy, and weep for joy, and weeping strive
To tell their fights, and fears, how parted hence,
Each shot against the Duke did wound the Prince.

(89.)

They curse their parting hour, but 'tis too late:
Now the Dukes wasted stores the Prince supplies,
And both next morn resolve to try their fate,
For night came on, but soon their hunting eyes
Did catch the breaking day, then rowse their men,
And to the wakened *Dutch* stood in agen.

(f) The fourth days fig.

G 4

(90.)

(90.)

In this one (1) day they three days war repeat ;
 As if the Princes presence healed all,
 The wounded men, and Ships so nimbly treat
 The *Dutch* with Presents of their Powder'd ball,
 That their vast numbers to retreat begin,
 Willing to part stakes since they could not win.

(91.)

Night interceded for a truce again :
 Her suit was granted, but day calls to fight ;
 The maimed Fleets lie lagging on the Main,
 Their chiefeft war was now in angry fight ;
 Their eyes shot death, unweildy Ships could not ;
 The Princes Main-yard down by luckless shot.

(92.)

The *Belgians* blefs the time, and now with-drew,
 In joyful triumph stand for *Holland's* Coast,
 Our shatter'd Generals could not pursue ;
 And this is that great Victory they boast :
 When we not wont such Victories to make,
 Disclaim more right, and call it parting stake.

(93.)

Now our torn Vessels too are homewards bound
 For swift repair ; The Duke displeas'd he brought
 No Triumph home, would touch no *English* ground,
 Until the *Dutch* with more success he fought :
 Took no content, although he had renown
 For what he did, in all minds but his own.

(1) The fifth day the fight held but an hour or two, ere the *Dutch* with-
 d. ew.

(94.)

(94.)

The famous name of *Monk* all Lands adore,
 And though no Monks in *England* Bishops be,
 The *Monk* who soundly beat the *Dutch* before,
 In spite of them shall rule the *British* Sea:
 He th' honour of three conquer'd Kingdoms bore
 The honour had three Kingdoms to restore.

(95.)

This fight the earnest was of great success,
 Without a Miracle could be no more;
 By which wifemen with hopeless hearts did guess
 The rest for a new fight was kept in store:
 For if divided us they could not bear,
 How will they stand by our united Fleet.

(96.)

Our careful King with Pers'nal industry
 Quickens his Carpenters with active hands
 To fit his Fleet another bout to try,
 Whose double diligence serves his Commands:
 Now the *Streights* Fleet to joyn come fitly home:
 And others, newly of the stocks, do come.

(97.)

But to maintain the honour they assum'd
 The hasty *Dutch* were vap'ring on our shore,
 Now all would think them Victors they presum'd,
 Who dar'd the Enemy at his own dore:
 Nor stayd our (yet unready) Navy long,
 But soon appear as numerous, and strong.

(98.)

(98.)

The boasting *Dutch* our coming would not stay,
 Nor th' *English* durst with equal numbers meet,
 Wisely they hoys'd their Sails, and go away;
 And after them did sail our gallant Fleet:
 Now Courages must fight, the numbers even,
 The glory to the Valiant shall be given.

(99.)

What ours ne're shun to seek, they seek to shun,
 An equal combate on the watry plain.
 Do Victors use from beaten foes to run?
 Leave bragging *Belgians*! for your brags are vain.
 These never will but with advantage fight,
 Nor kindness shew but where they can get by't.

(100.)

Behind their dangerous shallows bold they lie,
 As coward Cocks on their own dunghills crow,
 Ours mind no danger but to battel flie,
 Toss't o're the flats by waves that lofty flow:
 Well overtaken, they their foes engage,
 And on their own Coast a fierce battel wage.

(101.)

The Generals did like themselves, nor can
 More in their praise be said; *Allen* was brave:
Holmes as he us'd still plaid the gallant man;
 And *Spraggs* from *Trump* himself shall honor have:
Harman through fire and water glory fought,
 And all the rest there like true *English* fought.

(102.)

(102.)

The fight was sharp, but short, nor could be long
Where heartless foes so soon did leave the field:
They will not fight but when they're much too
Whose hasty flight did us less glory yield, (strong,
They from the waxing fight so soon withdrew,
The battel wain'd e're it to fulness grew.

(103.)

Now fled to Harbour close to shore they lay
Their beaten Vessels, where 'twas pretty sport,
To see the *Fanfan* with *de Ruyter* play;
As if a Pigmy went to storm a Fort:
The Prince, and Duke had pleasure there to note
De Ruyters Ship fought by their Pleasure Boat.

(104.)

While on their Coast as Victors thus we lie,
Holms, Holland's scourge, goes on an enterprise;
And with admir'd success burns in the *Uly*
A numerous Fleet (1) most rich in merchandise;
Who when winds serv'd would sev'ral wayes have
But end their Voyage in the *Torrid Zone*. (gone,

(105.)

This done he Lands, and gives a Town to flames;
But in this light our fate we did not see,
Who had a greater soon on this side *Thames*
A fire that quench'd the joy of Victorie:
Yet prais'd be God, who under all our woe
Supports our hearts from yielding to our foe.

(1) Consisting of 150. sail.

(106.)

(106.)

See here the vain attempts of mortals care,
 With restless toil for wealth by Sea, and Land,
 When Earth, Fire, Water, and the blustering Air
 Can all devour, what we count sure in hand :
 With much less labour we might be more wise,
 If we did trade for Heavens Merchandise.

(107.)

Even when the flames our *London* made their prey,
 Our nimble Fleet was hunting foes at Sea,
 Both *French* and *Dutch* were joyned now they say,
 This the brave Prince, and Fleet would gladly see:
 At last they have their sought for foes in veiw ;
 But her black curtain night betwixt them drew.

(108.)

And e're the morn did in the East appear,
 Heav'n as a Mediator rais'd a wind
 To intercept the fight, no Ships could steer
 A steady course, nor place for battel find :
 This storm might Christians furious spirits calm,
 And on its wings for wounds bring healing balm.

(109.)

But if *Dutch* haughty spirits will not yield
 To Terms may suit our Nations interest,
 Let foes combine ! God is our Rock, and Shield,
 And will the justness of our cause attest :
 By War we seek an honourable Peace,
 Till this may be, War may not safely cease.

(110.)

(110.)

Nor shall while *England* hath, or blood, or treasure,
 Or Loyal hearts have Votes in Parliament,
 Whose Princes will is their own choice, & pleasure,
 Assur'd the Nations good is his intent :
 And Loyal *London* which in ruine lies,
 Rak'd from her ashes raises new supplies.

(111.)

Whose fire hath made her Loyaltie to shine,
 Rich to her King even in her low estate,
 Nor doth her bounty to her wealth confine,
 But makes her want supply the needs of State,
 And will convince both *France*, & *Holland's* Fleets,
 Her Spirit is not fallen with her Streets.

(112.)

Her Courage, and her Patience both are try'd
 By fire, and do illustrious appear ;
 With greater Patience none can loss abide
 Or with more courage far less crosses bear ;
 Laid low, her foes to trample on her think,
 But neither fire, nor water make her shrink.

(113.)

Relenting Heav'n who hath us soundly scourg'd,
 These Vertues, pledge of better times, doth give,
 And if our Sickness hath our Vices purg'd,
 And Fire consum'd our dross, we yet shall live,
 To see the War in our full Conquest cease,
 And *London* rising from her dust in peace.

(114.)

(114.)

Then shall the Wealth of Nations thither flow;
 And silver *Thames* be rich as *Tagus* shore,
 And Strangers ravish'd by her beauteous show;
 Turn captiv'd Lovers, and go home no more:
 The East shall her adore with Incense, and
 The West enrich her with her golden sand.

(115.)

In ample glory lofty, and more wide,
 Her Streets with Structures uniform shall stand
 Surpassing all the world can boast beside;
 The Palace, and the Temple of our Land:
 And Swains who Heav'n some glorious City deem,
 Will this the new *Jerusalem* esteem.

(116.)

Her Royal Father, whose dear sympathy
 In her late sufferings was her sweetest fare,
 Shall in her beauty, and her Loyalty
 Rejoyce, and she in his great love, and care:
 Their twined Int'rests and Affections shall
 Native, and Forreign Enemies appal,

(117.)

We have indeed been compassed with woes,
 Trials to good, and punishments to bad:
 We are beset by Sea, and Land with foes,
 Who in our sorrows, and distress are glad:
 But let our Faith and Courage now appear,
 Nor let us ought but God Almighty fear.

(118.)

under our Calamities.

(118.)

Who his destroying Angels hand hath staid,
Who much from flames beyond our hopes did save;
Who twice our Navy hath Victorious made,
Whom still the faithful on their side shall have,
Who to the patient will their loss repair
With double gain; so patient *Job* did fare.

(119.)

Now for the yet unfinished part of war :
Goon brave Seamen, and compleat your glory !
Who die in this their Countries Martyrs are,
Whose worthy Names shall live in *British* story :
Lawson, and *Mims* with honour now do lie
Embalmed in the *English* memorie.

(120.)

When bullets flie so thick they darken air,
The Lord of Hosts in such a storm can save;
Or if your Souls these to light Mansions bear,
And Seas your bodies take, the Sea's a grave
Trusty as Earth, and when the Angel sounds
Gives up her dead fate as the sacred grounds.

(121.)

But there's less fear of death than honour now,
Your vanquish't foes will scarce endure a fight,
Scarce will their Keels this Spring the Ocean plough;
The Conquest's now less difficult than fight :
They, like dull Stars the Sun with-drawn, are clear
About, watch their advantage to appear.

(122.)

(122.)

Or as full Moons rise when the Sun doth set,
 Look big, and fierce, as if the skies they won;
 Our searching Fleet come in, so out they get,
 And shine as if the Ocean were their own.
 But when the Sun looks up, the Moon doth hide:
 So can't the *Dutch* our Navy's fight abide.

(123.)

But the Sun hunts the flying Moon until
 His Opposition doth eclipse her light:
 So seek the shifting *Dutch* our Navy will,
 Till they eclipse their honour in a fight.
 As for the *French* they Meteors are, no doubt;
 Let them but blaze a while, they will go out.

(124.)

Those shine like Stars, but are indeed a vapour,
 Which hath no proper Orb, howe'er it shows,
 But only upwards cuts a nimble caper,
 And sinks to Earth again from whence it rose:
 Perhaps these *ignes fatui* may jeer
 The *Dutch* into the Ditch and leave them there.

(125.)

But, let us pious, loyal, loving, prove
 To God, our King, our Church, and one another;
 So shall the reliques of our woes remove,
 And prosp'rous days our griefs, and fears shall smoo-
 Our bliss from Virtue we may calculate (ther:
 More sure than any Stars Prognosticate.

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